Chronicles
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Defining Left and Right

Left (left), *adj.* [From Old English, *left*: weak, idle, worthless; Middle English *libbe*, which survives in dialect form *lib*, to castrate. *Cf.* Latin *sinister*: left, wrong, perverse, unfavorable, unlucky.] 1. Situated on the side of the body closer to the heart than the brain. 2. Belonging to or associated with political movements that aim at the overthrow of the political, social, moral, and religious order.

Right (rəit), *adj.* [Middle English, from Old English *riht*. *Cf.* Latin *rectus*: straight, correct.] 1. That which is good, just, or proper. 2. In accordance with facts, truth. 3. Straight. 4. Real, authentic, genuine. 5. In a proper state, normal. 6. Socially acceptable or desired. 7. Relating to the political right, which favors tradition, authority, and a stable order based on family, religion, and moral responsibility.

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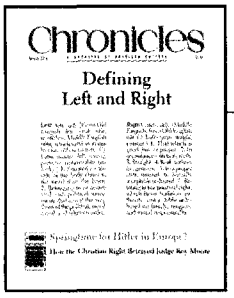

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On Reconsidering Churchill

Derek Turner's review of Andrew Roberts' *Hitler & Churchill* ("Style in History," *Reviews*, September) is flawed.

He writes that Roberts "is a conservative and a patriot" and that "All his books are informed by these identities . . ." And, according to Turner, Roberts writes "to counterattack various revisionist views of Hitler and Churchill that have been making headway in recent years. [He] singles out revisionists as diverse as David Irving, Christopher Hitchens, Clive Ponting, Patrick Buchanan, Ralph Raico . . . To some degree, he shares John Lukacs's concern that, if Western civilization keeps unraveling, desperate Westerners may come to view Hitler [favorably] . . ."

Nonsense. This is the old stumbling-block for thinkers, some of them quite good, of being "on the horns of a false dilemma." Simply put, you do not necessarily have to like Hitler to dislike Churchill. Hitler's evil deeds are not only well known but magnified, while Churchill's are suppressed.

When England's valiant Fighter Command wrote one chapter of history, Churchill commended them with the famous words "Never have so many owed so much to so few . . ." Very true. However, his Bomber Command was writing a different chapter of history: The carpet bombing of German cities had begun. The "splendid decision" of May 11, 1940, the day after Churchill became prime minister, took English bombers over German cities when they were sorely needed over the battlefield. Granting that Churchill was a great national leader capable of inspiring his people to shoulder wartime burdens should not override clear evidence that reveals his errors, his conniving, his duplicities.

The "strategic" bombing campaign is enough to establish Churchill (as Ralph Raico puts it) as "a man of blood": No amount of cover-up will hide the fact that Churchill authorized and pushed for the destruction of population centers—killing civilians wholesale—and only backed away from it after the uproar over the destruction of Dresden less than three months before war's end in Europe. And when he did, he wrote, "It seems to me that the moment has come when the question of bombing of German cities simply for the sake of increasing the terror, though under other pretexts, should be reviewed . . . The destruction of Dresden remains a serious query against the conduct of Allied bombing . . . I feel the need for more precise concentration upon military objectives . . . rather than on mere acts of terror and wanton destruction, however impressive." This note is reproduced in the official English history *The Strategic Air Offensive Against Germany, 1939-1945* (by Sir Charles Webster and Noble Frankland), and the authors go on to relate dryly that the note "seemed to overlook the fact that, after encouraging the Air Staff, and more directly the Commander-in-Chief, Bomber Command, in the policy of area attack upon large German towns for the past four years, the Prime Minister had himself, as recently as 26th January 1945, suggested the application of this principle to the great eastern cities of Germany in somewhat peremptory terms and that he had, at that time, been informed by Sir Archibald Sinclair that Dresden was among the targets which had, in consequence, been selected." That fact was enough to get Churchill to withdraw the note and to substitute another, a dissembling move he employed whenever it suited him.

"Poland took a giant sidestep," or something to that effect, said Churchill, to explain that half of Poland's territory, which Britain had entered the war to defend, was to be lost to the Russians—but never mind, Poland would be compensated by a similar amount from Germany. Standing the old axiom on its head, two wrongs were to make a right.

As Srdja Trifkovic wrote in another connection, "the key to understanding is not sympathy or respect . . . it is curiosity, intellectual engagement, and a respect for truth." A respect for truth is sorely needed to put Churchill into perspective.

—Howard Sitton
Carmel Valley, CA

Mr. Turner Replies:

I agree with Mr. Sitton that Churchill was culpable for having ordered the unnecessary deaths of many thousands of Ger-

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man civilians during RAF bombing raids, most notoriously in Dresden. I also agree that Churchill could be devious when he chose. Nor am I blind to Churchill's personal weaknesses or his many mistakes, which extended over a very long period, from ordering the Gallipoli invasion to presiding over the beginnings of postwar immigration into the United Kingdom. And I hope I have "a respect for truth," believing, as I do, that the reputations and records of figures such as Churchill should always be open to objective examination.

Yet, when his personality and his government—and his "evil deeds"—are measured against those of Hitler, there is a clear imbalance in Churchill's favor. While the crimes of the Nazis are certainly continually emphasized, there is no doubt that there were important qualitative differences between Churchill's and Hitler's systems of government. Although Churchill's postwar governments were inglorious to say the least, his most profound instincts were conservative, patriotic, and as democratic as one might expect from an English aristocrat of his generation. Hitler's instincts, on the other hand, were radically anticonservative, brutally imperialist, and profoundly undemocratic. The injustices and crimes of wartime Britain were nothing compared with those of wartime Germany.

I would suggest that Mr. Sitton is overly preoccupied with Churchill's admittedly regrettable record on the bombing of civilians in Dresden and elsewhere. While these were horrific events, the raids were themselves a response—even if, at times, an inappropriate and sanguinary response—to massive German raids on London and elsewhere. Excesses inevitably happen on all sides during wars, when the normal rules of behavior are suspended and politicians want—and want to be seen to want—revenge on enemies who have killed their comrades and countrymen. I say this not to exculpate but to explain.

As I see it, Churchill's greatest mistake was that he did not galvanize the postwar Tory party to take action to preserve the kind of Britain so many people—not just British ones—died to save.

On Checking the Court

Stephen B. Presser correctly complains about the unconstitutional decisions of the central government's Supreme Court in his article "Supreme Court Chaos" (*American Proscenium*, October). However, he fails to place the blame where it belongs, which is on the current Republican Congress. The Constitution, in Article III, Section 2, clearly gives Congress the authority to limit and regulate the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court. For the first time in 53 years, the Republicans control both houses of Congress and the presidency, but I will not hold my breath waiting for them to act.

—J. Michael Brown
Tulsa, OK

Dr. Presser Replies:

Mr. Brown makes a valuable point. It does, at least theoretically, lie within the power of Congress to remove subject-matter jurisdiction over appeals to the U.S. Supreme Court. The interesting question is whether, even if the Republican majorities mustered the courage to act and the legislation were not filibustered to death by the Democrats, the Court itself would uphold such legislation or somehow determine that the Fifth or Fourteenth Amendments' due-process clauses allow it to reject such limits on its own jurisdiction.

On Michigan

The article by former Michigan state representative Greg Kaza concerning the effect of the U.S. Supreme Court's decision in the University of Michigan race-preference cases ("Michigan's Race Factor," *Vital Signs*, October) is dreadfully misleading. Kaza would have us believe that an important victory in the struggle against race-based preferences had been won.

Quite the opposite is true. The decisions in the two Michigan cases make the situation much worse. Justice O'Connor's opinion, representing the majority view, allows the substitution of easily abused subjective judgments for what had been flagrantly discriminatory (but objective) standards favoring "underrepresented" minorities. Professor Carl Cohen had published unchallenged proof that Michigan has, in the past, lied to conceal its unconstitutional admissions policies. Under the new standards, the university will find it simple to conceal its admissions sins. Further, the diversity argument offered by the university is only an expedient and unsupported opinion.

I suggest that your readers contact Mr. Terry Pell, director of the Center for Individual Rights, to get a full and objective view of the implications of the Supreme Court's position.

—Richard L Cutler, former professor of psychology and vice president, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor
Ann Arbor, MI

Mr. Kaza Replies:

The U.S. Supreme Court's split ruling is not a cause for pessimism. It serves as a reminder that advocates of limited government can still win a case before the highest court in the land.

Was it "dreadfully misleading" to report that the Court's decision in *Gratz* v. *Bollinger* struck down the University of Michigan's use of a race-based point system, while noting the Court's upholding of U of M's use of diversity in *Grutter* v. *Bollinger*? Readers should heed the good professor's suggestion and consult the Center for Individual Rights' website, where the following explanation appears under the heading, "Supreme Court strikes down Michigan's 20-point system": "On June 23, 2003, the Supreme Court struck down Michigan's undergraduate admissions system, which awarded 20 points to minority applicants in the admissions process—out of a possible 150—based solely on their skin color. The court, however, upheld the University of Michigan's law school admissions policy which assigns no numerical value to an application based on his or her race, but weighs race significantly in the admissions process."

My essay noted that the Court struck down U of M's policy in *Gratz* while upholding it in *Grutter*.

A June 23 CIR press release quotes Mr. Pell: "Today's mixed verdict is ultimately bad news for those who would uphold preferences," he said. "It is just another in a long series of verdicts that are whittling away at the flawed logic of race-based preferences."

Limited-government advocates can ultimately prevail on this issue if they continue building the broad-based coalition that, against overwhelming odds, prevailed against U of M in *Gratz*.

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by Doug Bandow

Still Bringing 'Em On

"Bring 'em on," President Bush announced a few months ago, and America's opponents have since brought on ever more death and destruction. Luckily for the President, he lives behind the White House fence, surrounded by a vigilant Secret Service detail. Not so fortunate were the 16 Americans killed in the downing of the Chinook helicopter, or the half-dozen who died in the subsequent shootdown of the Black Hawk chopper, or the others killed routinely by bombs and bullets.

Rep. George Nethercutt (R-WA) will undoubtedly remind us, as he said only a few weeks ago, that what's going on in Iraq is "a bigger and better and more important story than losing a couple of soldiers every day." Thankfully, he emphasized that the deaths were "awful." Still, he might want to wait with the good news until after the funerals.

In fact, even the administration seems to be abandoning its "hear no evil, see no evil, speak no evil" policy. In early November, the White House yanked Iraqi administrator Paul Bremer back to Washington for urgent consultations and announced that more authority would quickly be turned over to Iraqis—apparently through the unloved, much-disdained Iraqi Governing Council.

Alas, there is not much time: A recent CIA report warns that average Iraqis are losing faith in the United States and gravitating toward the insurgency. The consequence is American blood flowing every day in Iraq. Combat deaths since President Bush's declaration of peace on May 1 significantly exceed those sustained during the war. More than twice as many U.S. soldiers have been injured—at this writing, about 1,200—since the President informed us that the war was over than during the actual conflict.

There is little reason to believe that casualty levels will begin to fall any time soon. The President's decision to invade Iraq has put America in the middle of an increasingly complicated conflict, one that mixes elements of guerrilla operations (Iraqis *versus* Americans), terrorism (outsiders *versus* Americans), and civil war (Iraqis *versus* Iraqis). While Saddam Hussein's Iraq posed neither an imminent nor a serious threat to the United States—a majority of Americans now believe that the Bush administration went to war precipitously—occupied Iraq has become a fulcrum of conflict for the United States.

Some of the strongest supporters of the war have deluded themselves into believing that fighting terrorists in Iraq somehow keeps them out of America. Even columnist William Murchison opines that one can "rejoice that the war goes on in Iraq, not on Manhattan Island or in Manhattan, Kansas."

Yet the guerrillas, certainly, and many of the terrorists, probably, are active in Iraq because America is occupying Iraq. Most of them could never get to, let alone operate in, the United States even if they wanted to.

On the contrary, by creating both a new grievance against the United States and a nearby battleground, the occupation has allowed America's enemies to open an entirely new front against her. The International Institute for Strategic Studies warns that "war in Iraq has probably inflamed radical passions among Muslims and thus increased Al Qaeda's recruiting power and morale and, at least marginally, its operating capability."

The progress made by the United States in restoring public services will not end this war. Attacks have been increasing in number and spreading outside of the so-called Sunni triangle.

Before the Chinook attack, coalition commander Lt. Gen. Ricardo Sanchez admitted that "The enemy has evolved—a little bit more lethal, a little more complex, a little more sophisticated, and in some cases, a little bit more tenacious." Moreover, polls suggest that Iraqi attitudes toward the United States are much more equivocal than the Bush administration acknowledges. Most Iraqis are glad Saddam has been deposed, and a majority support the presence of U.S. troops. Nonetheless, a plurality say they do not like America; a majority do not believe that Western-style democracy will work. Two thirds say they feel occupied rather than liberated, a feeling that has increased sharply since the end of the war.

Tough allied military operations risk turning off not just individual Iraqis but families and entire clans. After a bombing attack in the city of Fallujah just days before the Chinook attack, American soldiers mistakenly fired on a minivan, killing six civilians. Alas, said one reservist Marine who recently returned from duty in Iraq, Iraqis are no longer patient with such mistakes.

Turning increasing authority over to Iraqis might help to diminish antagonism toward Washington; then, however, expectations are likely to rise and might be difficult to meet. And a truly democratic government might ask U.S. forces to leave. Even the pliant Iraqi Governing Council has strongly opposed introducing troops from Turkey as part of the occupying garrison.

Political revolutions depend more on intensity than on numbers. A minority that is active will likely win over a majority that is inert. Washington's challenge is to enlist average Iraqis in the increasingly bitter military struggle.

Having gotten the United States into an unnecessary mess, the President is reluctant to get the country out. He may finally believe that authority should be turned over more quickly to Iraqis, but, he declared, "America will never run."

Of course, no one wants to show weakness by leaving. Yet to ask American soldiers to die to preserve credibility unnecessarily placed on the line is horrible. The Bush administration has launched a p.r. offensive and banned coverage of coffins returning to America. That will not stop them from coming, however.

Washington must hold elections, oversee the drafting of a constitution, turn over authority to responsible Iraqis, leave security duties to Iraqi organizations, and withdraw its forces—and do so quickly.

The result might not be pretty—conflict among the Kurds, Shiites, and Sunnis is likely. It is better, however, that the United States be out of any such fight. America needs to insist not on Western-style politics but simply on abstinence from involvement in terrorism and weapons of mass destruction.

The President should change his challenge. It should no longer be "Bring 'em on" to the terrorists. It should be "Bring 'em home"—to our troops.

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HOWARD DEAN almost blew it. With a slight edge in the polls and a strong following among both blacks and young, college-trained white professionals, the ex-governor of Vermont was beginning to look like the next nominee of the Democratic Party. Then he said something nice about white "guys with Confederate flags in their pickup trucks" and emitted the platitudinous insight that "We can't beat George Bush unless we appeal to a broad cross-section of Democrats."

In what passes for the "democracy" that President Bush wants to export to the rest of the world, that was enough to bring Mr. Dean close to the brink of ruin. His rivals for the nomination pounced at once, with everybody's favorite foe of bigotry, the Rev. Al Sharpton, yelling that the Confederate Flag is "America's swastika" and North Carolina rival John Edwards sniffing that Dean's words were "condescending." (Not known is what the North Carolinian had to say about Sharpton's smear of the flag as a Nazi symbol.) Dick Gephardt protested, "I don't want to be the candidate for guys with Confederate flags in their pickup trucks," while John Kerry mooed that "I would rather be the candidate of the NAACP than the NRA." There is no evidence that either gentleman will be the candidate of any of the above.

The Dean episode contains multitudes—it is a veritable microcosm of what's wrong with this country, its politics, its opinionmaking elites, its delusions about its past, and its reaction to anyone who utters any unconventional thought. Let us count the ways.

First, the Confederate Flag is not a swastika or even analogous to it, but today it is not only permissible but virtually obligatory to say that it is, precisely because of the inability of either Democrats or Republicans to resist the racial demagoguery of buffoons and ignoramuses like Sharpton. Second, Dean's point was not to endorse the flag, the Confederacy, white people, the uses of the flag today, or the culture and traditions of the "guys" who carry the flag "in" their pickup trucks. His point was simply to try to enlarge his own political base beyond the urban blacks and liberal yuppies who now give him his small lead, and, like most politicians of his background and orientation, he thinks the way to do that is to promise more healthcare and better schools, which is what he actually mentioned. Third, Dean's critics—in the party and the media—are mainly people who want his votes and who do not like him for various reasons, chief among them that a Dean candidacy might well ensure the reelection of George W. Bush. Finally, what does it matter? What would be wrong if he had said, "Even though I have the misfortune to be from Vermont, I just love the Confederate Flag and what it stands for. It stands for resistance to aggression and tyranny and loyalty to the Constitution and for the bravery and dedication of those who fought and died for it; and those are the ideals I want to defend and run my campaign on and promote as president if I am elected"?

What's wrong with that is that it would be political suicide for Mr. Dean or anyone else to say it, and it was almost suicide to unbosom the bromides he did. John Ashcroft several years ago said something sort of like that and nearly lost his confirmation battle for the position of attorney general as a result (his policies since taking office show there is small danger he seriously supports the decentralized political legacy of the Confederacy), and he won it only because he faced confirmation by a tame Republican Senate. Praising the Confederate Flag is political suicide because it suggests (or is taken to prove) deviation from egalitarianism and sympathy for social or racial hierarchy, and what is called "democracy" in the United States today is in fact an incipient totalitarianism, in which deviation from the National Creed of Equality is ruinous and may, in the not-very-distant future, be actually illegal (as it already largely is in Europe). This is also why gentlemen such as Al Sharpton are able to flourish at all.

And it is yet one more reason why President Bush's sermons about exporting "democracy" and "liberty" are so grimly laughable—with democracy and liberty (as we generally understand these loaded and misleading words in this country) dying, what is it we are really going to export, if it can be exported at all?

In the end, Mr. Dean was not ruined by what he said, despite a week of ranting and raving by the media and the most vicious denunciations from his political adversaries. He was not ruined because eventually he was shrewd enough to retract his words and to apologize for having deviant thoughts and for saying something that sounded sort of nice about "America's swastika." The next week, he got the endorsement of two major labor unions and went up in the polls. Isn't democracy wonderful?

—Samuel Francis

MICHAEL SCHIAVO has decided that his wife's life is without merit. Since her collapse in 1990, he has worked to free himself from the burden of caring for the one he vowed to love in sickness and in health. After she awakened from a brief coma, Terri Schiavo's condition improved slightly, and, though unable to move or speak, she remains alert and responsive to the kindness of friends, family, and medical staff. She breathes on her own, without the aid of a respirator. Nonetheless, since 1991, Michael has, according to Terri's parents, refused to obtain "meaningful therapy" for her that might improve her condition.

In 1993, Michael, as Terri's legal guardian, had doctors post a "do not resuscitate" order in her chart, and, when she contracted a life-threatening infection, he insisted that doctors withhold treatment. This prompted Terri's parents, Bob and Mary Schindler, to petition a Florida court to have guardianship transferred to them. In early 1994, the case was dismissed. A similar incident occurred in 1995.

As early as May 1997, one month before he announced his engagement to girlfriend Jodi Centonze, Michael was able to secure a judge's approval to remove Terri's feeding tubes. This prompted a six-year court battle between Michael and the Schindlers (both the Florida Supreme Court and the U.S. Supreme Court refused to hear appeals in 2001), culminating in Judge George W. Greer's ruling that Terri's feeding and hydration tubes be removed on October 15.

Terri Schiavo was denied Holy Communion after her food and nutrition tubes were withdrawn. In the midst of trying to kill her, they did not want her to choke to death, and, besides, that would constitute feeding. As she lay dying, however, the Florida state legislature passed a measure requiring that the feeding and hydration tubes be reinserted, which, after it was

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signed by Gov. Jeb Bush, at least temporarily put a halt to the madness.

It is illegal to mistreat, starve, or dehydrate an animal, but it is apparently all right to do it to a human being. *Nutrition for Dummies* describes dehydration as intense thirst followed by water seeping out of blood cells and plasma, nausea, flushed skin, rising temperature, headaches, a quickening pulse, tongue swells, kidney failure, muscle spasms, deafness, sunken eyes and stiffened lids, and cracked skin. Finally, "your organs grind to a halt. And—sorry about this—so do you. *Ave atque vale.*" Death by starvation is not a merciful fate, either.

Michael Schiavo asserts that Terri "did not want to live this way." Her family disputes this claim. The money that pays for Terri's medical care comes from a malpractice lawsuit that awarded funds to the Schiavos based on the length of time it was estimated Terri would live. At the hearing, Michael professed his love and told the court that he wanted to bring Terri home to care for her. Within a year, he instructed her caretakers not to give her an antibiotic and also gave her caretakers the DNR orders.

Let us follow the money. In 1990, Terri collapsed. During the next two years, she was transferred between rehabilitation centers and her home. In August 1992, Terri was awarded $250,000 in a medical malpractice settlement and another $1.4 million in a malpractice suit the following November. Michael Schiavo was awarded $600,000 that same month. In February 1993, he began denying Terri rehabilitative treatment over the protestations of her parents and despite her improvements. As of September 2001, $440,226.30 from Terri's medical account has gone to compensate Michael's attorneys, who are trying to end Terri's life. They toil still.

Since Terri's incapacitation, Michael has been involved with a series of women and refers to the most recent as his fiancée. ("I'm fortunate to have two women in my life that I love very much," he told Larry King.) He has a child with her and another on the way. If Michael Schiavo cares so little about Terri, why does he not relinquish her guardianship to her parents, who obviously love her dearly? Who stands to gain by her death? Who stands to lose by her living?

—*Mary C. Walsh*

CHRISTOPHER DANZE is a hero of Texas proportions. The Austin concrete supplier has shut down construction of a Planned Parenthood abortuary by rallying his colleagues and competitors in the construction industry to boycott the project. Without concrete—to say nothing of plumbers, electricians, and carpenters (even the porta-john vendor has pulled out)—the project's general contractor, Browning Construction, broke its contract with Planned Parenthood in November, citing circumstances beyond its control. (Browning, the favorite of Austin's political left, has a list of current projects that includes buildings at the University of Texas, elementary schools, and an Episcopal seminary.) Planned Parenthood has announced that they will contract the project themselves, a move Danze calls "desperate."

Noting that Austin is the "hometown" of *Roe* v. *Wade*, Danze foresees a p.r. crisis for Planned Parenthood if they fail to build the abortuary on their "home turf." "This was to be their $6.3 million flagship prototype—a model for future clinics throughout the nation," Danze says of the planned 25,000 square-foot building. "Now the job site is padlocked." Danze is prepared to "give up everything" to see that it remains so.

Danze and his wife of 25 years, Sheri, have been fighting battles on behalf of the unborn throughout their entire marriage. They have taken into their home for months at a time unwed teenage mothers, one of whom is currently their foster child. Sheri, as co-coordinator of the Gabriel Project for the Roman Catholic Diocese of Austin, performs corporal and spiritual works of mercy for Austin's unwed mothers. Danze himself has organized countless vigils of "prayer and presence" at Austin's three abortuaries. There used to be four: Last February, Danze and others shut one down by befriending the abortionist, inspiring him to step out of his building and to declare his days of killing babies had come to an end. Danze is determined that the one they shut down will not be replaced.

He is candid about the hardball methods he has used in his latest battle. To start, he sent letters to concrete plants and suppliers of steel, lumber, and dirt with whom he does regular business, requesting that they refuse to take "blood money" and that they keep away from the project. He added that, should they supply any materials for the job, they would never do business with him again. He is the largest customer of one of Austin's 17 concrete plants, which happens to be only two blocks from the job site. The plant announced that it would not supply concrete for the job, and the remaining 16—in some cases under pressure from some of Danze's competitors—followed suit.

With no concrete available anywhere within greater Austin, Planned Parenthood was stuck. Concrete, as Danze explains, is a "perishable product." In less than three hours, it begins to set. "Dope" can prolong the set time, but only at the expense of the material's workability and the strength and integrity of the concrete—and, thus, at the expense of the supplier's reputation. The unavailability of concrete was the straw that broke the camel's back, leading to Browning pulling out in November.

Danze did not rest, however. Seeing the hand of Providence in a recent slowdown in his business, he has made stopping the construction of the abortuary a part-time job. Armed with Matthew 25:33—"And he shall set the sheep on his right hand but the goats on his left"—Danze has made personal visits to many of Austin's subcontractors, explaining to them everything that is at stake. In cooperation with Texas Right to Life, he has built an e-mail list of over 60,000, who are all ready, willing, and able to flood any tradesman considering this job with a barrage of phone calls and letters. He formed a network of volunteers in the tight-knit, conservative construction community of Austin. Each has his ear to the ground, listening to find out if any among them will break the boycott. They make regular visits to the job site to watch for work starting up. Any subcontractor showing interest in the job is persuaded otherwise.

Danze's trump card is "church work." When a heating and air-conditioning contractor learned from a local church that he would not be considered for an upcoming job if he worked on the abortuary, he dropped out of the project. Now, Danze is promising to keep a list of any contractors or tradesmen who attempt to work on the abortuary, and, through 750 certified letters, he has put his colleagues in the Austin construction community on notice: *Work on this job, and you jeopardize your chances to work on a church in Austin again—new construction, additions, even repairs.*

As pleased as Danze is about the success of the church-work threat, he is distressed and puzzled by what he sees as the Church failing to use Her own pow-

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er. "What successes we have had with the boycott are attributable to tapping into that latent power the churches hold but seldom use." Danze would like to see priests and pastors encourage—even help organize—the sort of action he is taking ("They don't have to call it a boycott") and to be more explicit in telling the faithful to be conscious of the effects of their spending habits.

Until then, Christian laymen such as Danze will lead this charge. Danze has received phone calls and letters from fellow concrete suppliers from as close as Dallas and as far away as Georgia, pledging to organize similar boycotts in their towns, should Planned Parenthood try to build there. Danze has promised to help them.

The rest of us need not wait for a groundbreaking. With Danze's model as inspiration, it is time to make life miserable for the baby-killers in our own towns and for the vendors who service their operations. Abortuaries need plumbers and electricians. Somebody mows the lawn, sweeps the floor, supplies water for the cooler, and fills the vending machines. These vendors need to be put on notice, as does every retailer, dry cleaner, garage, and restaurateur that serves the local abortionist. These businesses can continue to do business with the Devil, but they should lose ours if that is their choice.

That cannot be legal, can it? Danze has the answer to this objection. Asked if he is retaining counsel, he said: "My brother is an attorney, and he advises me from time to time, but you know what? I'm not breaking the law, and if you did only what the lawyers told you to do, you'd never do anything."

—*Christopher Check*

THE U.S.S. *LIBERTY* was suddenly and deliberately attacked on June 8, 1967—a date that should live in infamy—by naval and air forces of the state of Israel. Although the lone vessel, conducting surveillance in international waters, identified herself as an American craft—as if the 12-foot-tall and soon-to-be-shot-up Old Glory were not enough—she withstood a sustained attack by Israeli fighter jets and gunboats that strafed and torpedoed the *Liberty*, killing 35 and wounding 170 of her crew. (The crew's 70-percent casualty rate included seamen shot as they loaded the wounded into lifeboats.)

Curiously, President Lyndon B. Johnson ordered that the attack be designated "a case of 'mistaken identity' despite overwhelming evidence to the contrary," according to the senior legal counsel to the Navy's investigation of the incident. An affidavit from (retired) Capt. Ward Boston, released at a Capitol Hill news conference in late October, broke 36 years of silence ordered by his superiors. (The publication of Jay Cristol's *The Liberty Incident*, an "insidious attempt to whitewash the facts," was too much for Captain Boston to stomach.) His affidavit was released along with the corroborating findings of an independent commission consisting of retired military men (*e.g.*, a chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff) and a former ambassador to Saudi Arabia, James Akins. The commission wants the official naval report rescinded, a new court of inquiry convened, and, for the first time, congressional investigations.

Ever since her crew endured successive barrages of Israeli rockets, bullets, and napalm, the *Liberty*'s surviving crewmen have been joined by many high-ranking government officials (though never while in office) in claiming that an atrocity had been covered up—first, by President Johnson; later, by Milquetoast congressmen.

This situation has spawned speculation. The attack occurred during the Six Day War, and the *Liberty*'s surveillance from off the coast of the Sinai Peninsula may have proved nettlesome for the Israelis, who evidently monitored the ship's communiqués with Washington. Perhaps, as the commission's report suggested, Israel intended to sink the ship and to blame Egypt in order to bring the United States into the war—a tactic that would have been similar to the Mossad's demolition of U.S. installations in Egypt in the 1950's, which it made appear the work of Cairo in the hope of destroying U.S. relations with the new Nasser government. (The *Liberty*'s captain, William L. McGonagle, received the Congressional Medal of Honor for heroically saving the ship from destruction, though he was presented it by a minor official in a private ceremony instead of at the White House by the President—the only such case in the last century.) Yet, until the attack is fully investigated, any speculation will remain just that.

After a speedy investigation conducted in private, the Navy found "no evidence that the attack was deliberate." However, such crewmen as James E. Ennes, Jr., the officer on deck on the day of the attack, have called the inquiry a vehicle for a cover-up. Although Ennes was "the only officer who personally witnessed most of the pre-attack reconnaissance," which lasted around five hours, with Israeli pilots flying low enough to exchange waves with the sailors, "my testimony," he says, "along with that of other key officers, lookouts, and vital witnesses whose testimony pointed toward a deliberate attack, was kept out of the official record." Furthermore, the U.S. government accepted at face value Israel's explanation that the two-hour-long attack in daylight was a mere accident: No one in the Israeli armed forces was ever questioned by Americans nor, for that matter, taken to task back home. Especially exasperating to military men is that Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara and President Johnson never had to explain why they personally recalled aircraft sent to aid the *Liberty*. Never before in the Navy's history had a rescue mission been cancelled when a ship was under attack.

The attack on the *Liberty* is a scandal that remains unknown to most Americans because of the effectiveness of its cover-up. Many men who demanded justice—or, at least, a memorial to the ship's crew—have been accused of antisemitism. In fact, an examination of the *Liberty* massacre would justify not antisemitism but a prudential skepticism toward the intentions and goodwill of "our friend and ally, the only democracy in the Middle East."

At the news conference at the Capitol, one veteran raised a poignant question ignored by politicians who fear the wrath of Israel's Amen Corner. Adm. Thomas Moorer, the chief of naval operations in 1967 and later the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, asked: "Why would our government put Israel's interests ahead of our own?"

—*Matthew Rarey*

OBITER DICTA: Our first poet is **Timothy Murphy**, who hails from Fargo, North Dakota. His collections of poetry include *The Deed of Gift* (Story Line Press) and *Very Far North* (Between the Lines). Nearly 30 of his poems have been published in the pages of *Chronicles*.

Our second poet this month is **Peter Hunt**, a widely published essayist and critic who sits on the editorial board of the *Chesterton Review*. His poetry has appeared in various journals and magazines.

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by Thomas Fleming

The Conservative Search for Order

The terms *liberal* and *conservative* (nearly always paired in that descending order) are now so confused as to be almost entirely useless. Originally, *liberal* was used to denote the ideology that aimed at the liberation of human individuals from the restraints of Church establishments, aristocratic and monarchical privileges, and legal restrictions on business and international trade. Radical leftists, Marx and his followers in particular, took the additional step of advocating revolutionary means to achieve their utopian ends: a communist society, created and enforced by terror, in which individuals would enjoy a fullness of life that transcended the individual himself. Some of Marx's followers eventually rejected the revolutionary path and advocated a gradualist and ameliorist approach that allowed them to participate in the political process. They became known as *socialists* or *social democrats*.

Conservatives in the 19th century, to one degree or another, were opposed to some or most of the liberal aspirations and completely rejected red revolution. Unlike the liberals, however, conservatives were never able to agree on a broad set of fundamental principles. By the end of World War II, *liberal* was coming to mean, albeit only in the United States, what *socialist* and *social democrat* had meant, and *conservative* was now used to designate either those who blindly accepted the social order as it was or those who believed in the liberal ideology of the 19th century.

Liberalism is, however, an essentially corrosive ideology that undermined the social order. Once its original task was finished (before World War I), people with liberal instincts quite naturally moved on to the next phase of the revolution. In the 1950's, unreflective conservatives just as naturally devoted themselves to defending the only social order they knew, the bourgeois liberal order established in the late 19th century, just as conservatives of the 1980's and 90's defended the society created by the socialist New Deal.

Speaking in the broadest terms, a major difference between liberals and conservatives of every type is that the former are working to destroy the inherited order and the latter would like to preserve or even restore some form of traditional society. It is in this sense that die-hard Leninists in the 1990's, unwilling to surrender the world of their childhood, were called conservative. American conservatives complain about the unfairness, but it is not more unfair than their own misapplication of the term to their version of liberalism.

Every conservative, then, is an advocate of some social, cultural, religious, or moral order, either the one that currently exists or one whose memory has been preserved in tradition. Conservative defenders of the social order come in two varieties. The first have a principled notion of what a good society must be like, whether that notion is embodied in the bourgeois order of Middle America in the 1950's; in the *ancien régime* that existed before the revolutions of 1787, 1917, and 1932; or in medieval Christendom. The second are unprincipled (in a political sense) and interested only in preserving their own personal interests or those of their class. While principled conservatives will always have to collaborate with their unprincipled brethren, who are far more numerous, they must always be on their guard because interests change, and conservative Republicans who once defended high tariffs and restricted immigration had little difficulty in changing sides once it was in their interest to do so, and, if they do not betray the cause, their children will.

These tectonic shifts on the right seem to take place about every half-generation as the old guard retires and is replaced by leaders (both intellectual and political) in their 30's. One important shift taking place in the opening years of this millennium is on social and moral questions. Most conservatives, even in the Reagan years, paid at least lip service to what were then called "family values"—the premarital chastity of women, marital fidelity, the traditional family, the obligations of parents to children (including unborn children), the importance of religion (especially Christianity) in forming the moral character of children. In terms of causes (which conservatives generally define in negative terms), they were opposed to fornication, adultery, no-fault divorce, homosexual rights, abortion, and the Supreme Court's illegal banning of school prayer.

The junior conservatives for the new millennium were, in their early years, mostly quiet on these issues, but, one by one, they are coming out of their closets and advocating (sometimes cautiously) all of the above. As early as the late 1980's, the "third generation" was boasting of what swingers and "party animals" they were, and, more recently, the young ones have become confident enough to adopt the Clintons' view of abortions—women killing their own babies is a regrettable situation, perhaps, but cannot be helped.

The current litmus test for leftists is support for homosexual marriage, and the conservatives at *National Review* and the *Weekly Standard* have passed with flying colors.

David Brooks, in many ways the most sensible of the neoconservatives, cannot escape their Marxist trap. In the *New York Times* in November, he argued that, since marriage is good for many people (heterosexuals), it must be good for everyone, including homosexuals. This is like saying that, because two or three glasses of wine a day is good for many people, it is good for everyone, including infants and alcoholics. He uses words like "sacred" and "covenant" without having the slightest idea of what they mean, and he gives the impression that the marriage crisis can be solved if homosexuals can marry, which is equivalent to the neoconservative argument that there is no problem with the low American birthrate that looser immigration rules cannot solve.

Accepting the Marxist premise that man is not bound by his biological nature but makes himself, he insists that

> we are not animals whose lives are bounded by our flesh and by our gender. We're moral creatures with souls, endowed with the ability to make covenants, such as Ruth made to Naomi: "Where you go I will go, and where you stay I will stay. Your people will be my peo-

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ple and your God my God. Where you die I will die, and there I will be buried."

Brooks apparently wants to suggest that Ruth and Naomi were not merely daughter-in-law and mother-in-law but a scriptural model for an ideal marriage. More frightening is the Marxist vision of human nature that has escaped the limitations of nature and history.

Brooks' arguments are echoing across the empty canyons of the neoconservative brains at *National Review*, where David Frum has embraced homosexual unions with predictable alacrity. These people represent a kind of conservative, but the kind that still makes pilgrimages to the Kremlin to adore the embalmed stiff who destroyed Russia.

Principled Christian conservatives, as naive and unreflective as the unprincipled, are bewildered by this tergiversation at *National Review*, a publication founded by a putative Catholic. This is not surprising, however. NR's ideology—Frank Meyer's so-called fusionism—was based on a fundamental denial of principle, a shotgun wedding between liberal individualists and Christian traditionalists. The liberal groom had his fingers crossed during the ceremony and started cheating on his conservative spouse on their wedding night. By 1980, the conservative social and cultural agenda served only as window-dressing for a shop whose real wares were the unlimited privileges of multinational businesses. Conservatives who go back to that time should be forgiven for being instinctively loyal to the ideology they accepted in their youth, but there is no excuse for anyone under 60 who persists in thinking that this marriage between big money and old traditions can be saved.

The problem, from the beginning of the postwar conservative movement, was the incompatibility of conservative instincts not merely with liberal individualism but with liberalism's failure to understand the nature of man (to say nothing of the nature of woman). Liberals (including the radical liberals known as libertarians) can be quite good on specific political and economic policies, but they always founder on the rock of human nature. Man is not, by nature, an isolated individual. The human race depends on the dimorphism (that is, the differences in physical, intellectual, and emotional aptitudes) of the sexes that unite in marriage to produce the next generation of the human race. In some species, the size and appearance of the two sexes vary greatly; for humans, the difference is only about ten percent, but that ten percent explains why women cannot play in the NFL, serve effectively in combat, compose great music, or, by and large, become great mathematicians or statesmen. For the same reasons, men are not good at rearing children or caring for the sick.

Nature has assigned different tasks to males and females. From a natural perspective, the greatest task is the bearing and rearing of children, in which men play a subordinate role. The essential (albeit not the only) role of marriage is to provide a stable setting in which children can be born, nurtured, and educated. Any stable society will discourage divorce and make it difficult, if not impossible, for women to work outside the home.

The feminists are quite correct in saying that women have always worked. Quite apart from carrying their duties as wives and mothers, women have tended the garden, made useful objects to sell, and run family businesses. It was only in modern times, however, that women were encouraged to sell their labor in the marketplace and to abandon their children to the care of strangers who watch them not out of love but for a living. From the natural point of view, daycare is child neglect, and abortion is not only murder but the frustration of the natural end of human sexuality. Same-sex "marriage" is a contradiction in terms, and homosexuals who adopt children (apart from cases of absolute necessity) are moral predators, no matter how honorable their intentions are.

Christians learn this lesson both from their traditions and from the scriptural reminder that "male and female created He them," but secular conservatives have always known that (in the words of David Hume) "man born of woman is compelled to maintain society." Both Russell Kirk and Robert Nisbet understood the limitation imposed on human ingenuity by our naturally defined sex roles, which rule out support for women in combat, no-fault divorce, or any of the other items on the leftist social agenda. Kirk was a convert to Catholicism; Nisbet, a skeptic who had tried (and failed) to become a Christian. Both, however, understood that, quite apart from the truth of Revelation, Christianity played a vital role, not merely as an agent of social stability but as the principal means by which men and women reach out to find a meaning beyond the necessities of ordinary life.

In Darwinian terms, religion has, as E.O. Wilson once put it, adaptive significance. Man is, as we learned in logic, a rational animal; and he is, as Aristotle taught us, a political animal; but he is also a religious animal who, if deprived of his religion, lapses quickly into the despair of self-gratification. All legitimate conservatives, therefore, support the social establishment of religion, whether they believe in it or not, just as George Washington, when President, refused to condemn a bill in the Virginia legislature authorizing payment of Christian clergymen's salaries. The Father of Our Country was far from being a Trinitarian Christian, but he knew the value of religion in undergirding a free and stable society.

Even Marxism was a religion of sorts, an unsatisfactory theory that offered an explanation of history and a social life organized around the cell. But, in comparison with Greek paganism, which offered a cycle of festivals and rituals, Marxism was a complete failure. It inspired no good music and little serious literature; it sucked the joy out of life and reduced human beings to automata and human society to a brutish nightmare; and yet it would be far better to be a real Marxist-Leninist than one of those sad children of disenchanted communist parents. These red-diaper babies, who have pasted on unconvincing blue-and-white stickers in the hope of passing for Americans, want nothing better in life than to marry a blonde and to land a soft job in Washington.

Neoconservative is a highly misleading term. The useful and relevant analogy is *neo-Nazi*. What is a neo-Nazi if not a Nazi who disguises his real motives and identity with a different style of political rhetoric? In purely objective terms, the proper term for neoconservatives is *neoleftist*—that is, someone who advocates a leftist agenda within a superficially conservative framework. Today, they are in a power struggle with their brothers and cousins on the left, but both sides know who the real enemy is, and, my friends, it is us. Even if we never raised a voice in protest against their lies and treason to the American nation, they would still be going after the last remnants of Christian America. As I heard one Southern Baptist tell an audience, the light can stand the darkness, because the light knows it will win, but darkness cannot endure a single particle of light, which, if let in, will obliterate the dark.

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To Peder Anders Sulerud

by Timothy Murphy

Compasses set at ought plus four
to make Magnetic true,
we'd paced the uneven forest floor—
my three strides to your two—

then aimed east through a quarter mile
of fresh-cut aspen slash,
breaking our pace to skirt a pile
of deadfall in the gash.

From ridge to ridge, shore to shore
you taught us how to speak
in Morse—mirror or semaphore—
forgotten like my Greek.

Per Sulerud, last night I sank
beside a bonfire's coals.
Woodcraft and your Eagle rank
were boyhood's loftiest goals

on footpaths where your student stood,
hefting his elder's axe.
Diamond willow and ironwood
and brush cover our tracks

through wilds no boy should navigate
without a watchful guide.
The ardors of the young abate,
the obstacles abide.

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by Paul Gottfried

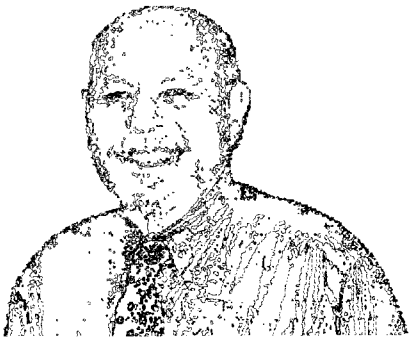
Evildoing Nations

On October 3, in an address celebrating the anniversary of German reunification, a Hessian deputy to the German Bundestag and a member of the CDU/CSU steering council, Martin Hohmann, committed a gaffe that led to his removal from his party position five weeks later. The party leader who justified this sacking, Angela Merkel, complained that Hohmann, a devout Catholic who has spoken out against abortion and the growing Islamic presence in German cities, was guilty of "conceptual constructions" that "exceed the limit of our aims and principles." To the critics of Merkel and of what is perceived by the German right as a token opposition to the left, Hohmann's fate testified to the parliamentary right-center's reputation as *ein Club der Umfaller* (a club for wimps). As a November 14 feature article in *Junge Freiheit* shows, the "bourgeois bloc" in the German parliament has a long history of delivering to its leftist critics "grateful offerings."

What sent the left in Europe and the United States into a tizzy this time were several paragraphs in Hohmann's speech, borrowed from Johannes Rogalla von Bieberstein, which dealt inopportunely with the Jewish role in communist revolutions and in running the Soviet secret police. Bieberstein states in his book *Der jüdische Bolschewismus. Mythos und Realität* what had been written before by, among others, Richard Pipes. He had produced his offending book during a p.c. era, and it had sold well, despite the misleading statement in the *Neue Westfälische* that, "until those with obvious interests began rummaging through it, the book led a pitiful wallflower existence." What the article properly notes is that the book was prefaced by the remarks of Ernst Nolte, who had achieved a certain notoriety by comparing Nazi and Bolshevik crimes and treating the latter as both a model for and cause of the former. According to Nolte and Bieberstein, the Nazis and European fascists found a large constituency among those who were stunned by Bolshevik crimes and who identified them with the disproportionately large Jewish participation in Bolshevik activities. Neither Nolte nor Bieberstein expresses anything but loathing for the Nazis, and both note the persecution of Jews in Czarist Russia as a cause of their political radicalization. But what has made their argument—and, by extension, Hohmann's allusions—so offensive is what both p.c. Germans and the German holocaust industry call *Aufrechnung*, the treatment of Nazi and Soviet crimes and tyranny as equivalent wrongs. Of course, these evils are self-evidently comparable, but, if we admitted this, the present German left and the "cult of guilt" would have to go out of business or change so dramatically that they would become for their adorers an unrecognizable left.

Hohmann's provocations for scandal were so trivial that the shrieking reactions have been pathological or grossly dishonest. Beyond the first half of the address, which is a call for fiscal austerity and for rising above the illusion that immigration from the Third World will alleviate German social problems, there is an extended excursus on Jewish revolutionaries in Eastern Europe and Germany who had been involved in mass murder. Hohmann introduces this section by insisting that the Germans are not a *Tätervolk*, a nation of evildoers, as the German media and political left now assert. (Here, the German deputy may be understating the case, together with the widespread self-hatred of his people.) The point, he explains, is that no nation—neither the Germans nor the Jews whom the Nazis unjustly persecuted—should be held up as singularly good or bad. What made Jewish communists and German Nazis wicked was that both "rejected God" and traditional moral limits on their actions. Hohmann ended his speech by affirming the need for such limits as a precondition for civilized living.

The journalistic reactions to this speech were such that not only Hohmann but those who expressed—or might have expressed—agreement with him are falling from places of eminence. The axed (or about-to-be-axed) now include Hohmann's confidants on the party steering committee, Henry Nitzsche and Axel Springer, and the head of Germany's Special Forces Command, Gen. Reinhard Guenzel, who had worked with Israeli intelligence but sent Hohmann a letter of moral support.



Bieberstein is barely holding on to his librarian post at the University of Bielefeld. Although the General Student Committee on campus has asked for his dismissal on the grounds that Germans must deal with their intellectual legacy of antisemitism whether or not a particular case is actionable, Rektor Dieter Timmermann sees no reason to fire people "if nothing that is criminally relevant has taken place." Significantly, up until a few weeks ago, Bieberstein, who was on friendly terms with German Jewish communal leaders, had been asked to speak at holocaust-related events and to contribute to an American encyclopedia on the holocaust. His own family had suffered grievously under the Nazis—particularly his uncle, who had participated in the anti-Nazi resistance. By now, Bieberstein's aristocratic name has been made synonymous with the "new antisemitism" that Ed Koch and the neocons are finding on the rise among the Germans. We are also hearing this from the leaders of the Jewish community of Germany, Paul Spiegel and Michel Friedman, the second of whom just appeared on TV, in the midst of legal difficulties arising from his extensive use of drugs and prostitutes, to warn about Hohmann and his accomplices. There is nothing in Hohmann's speech or Bieberstein's work that would have raised eyebrows 40 years ago—or that one might not have encountered even in the works of such Jewish authors as Hannah Arendt. Like the American custodians of p.c., the German ones are always raising the bar, making it impossible to carry on without engaging in agonized collective confessions about one's national past. This cult of guilt always excludes any blame for communist mass murders, which in Germany cannot be mentioned without arousing the suspicion of entertaining "fascist conceptual constructions."

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The Education of George Bush

Not by George Bush

by Chilton Williamson, Jr.

I used to wonder at the deep melancholia to which Evelyn Waugh was subject in the last years of his life. "Papa," his eldest daughter Meg would plead with him, "why are you so unhappy?" Waugh's misery, verging on despair, struck me as unwarranted. He had, after all, great literary success, a large and creditable family, a magnificent country home; above all, he had his Faith, which regards despair as a sin. Why *was* he so unhappy?

Though considerably more ebullient in my own 50's, I wonder no longer at Waugh's state of mind. It was life in what he called "the Century of the Common Man" that ground him down, mentally and emotionally, as living on in a world half created by, half designed for, a universalized and universalizing proletariat increasingly oppresses my own spirit, and the spirits of close friends. (Today's proletariat, armed with cheap contraceptives and a constitutional right to abortion, is no longer fit even for its traditional eponymous activity.)

Every area of American life, whether politics, economics, the arts, journalism, architecture and design, entertainment, sports, cuisine, dress, manners, morals, religion—everything with the obvious exception of the academy—reflects the mass taste and intellect of the American proletariat. While the American government wages perpetual war for perpetual peace internationally, the American public wars on civilized standards and morality at home. In the world's richest nation, good food and drink are the exception rather than the rule, while a well-prepared meal is nearly impossible to come by at an inexpensive price. In the wealthiest society in the annals of history, the public dresses like slobs, oversized children, poor people, or freaks. In a country that spends billions annually in the attempt at realizing the old republican ideal of universal literacy, education has been commandeered by sports; while the elements of public discourse have been whipped and blended into an evil paste compounded of proletarian taste and ideology (the opiate of the intellectual class, substantially proletarianized itself). What is still the mightiest medical machine ever seen is half-directed toward terminating and tinkering with life rather than with saving and prolonging it, and on pacifying the proletariat with the equivalent of soma tablets; the churches dispense doctrinal soma as the replacement for the old fire and brimstone each Sunday. For generations, the social, intellectual, cultural, and moral aspiration of America has been steadily downward, until aspiration has at last been replaced by the unconscious habit of a people that has struck bottom without ever realizing what they have become. "God must love the common people," someone has said, "He made so many of them." The common people, however, are not what we are up against in the United States today. In their stead, a new type of man stands forward under God's sun: the North American segment of an emerging global community of wealthy proletarians who are the deliberate creation of the social-democratic-therapeutic-corporatist elite that has had a century and more to perfect its designs and develop its product—which doubles, of course, as its market. This New Man is largely devoid of dignity, self-reliance, true piety, and common sense. "[Whether] or not I continue to live in it," Edmund Wilson wrote in 1963, "[the United States] is no longer the place for me." Forty years later, there is no place for an Old American like Wilson.

The situation might appear to be old hat in America—old as the New America whose construction commenced immediately after the conclusion of the War Between the States. Henry Adams—on his return to the United States from London, where he had served as private secretary to his father, Minister Charles Francis Adams, for the duration of the war—was quick to observe that

> The new Americans, of whom he was to be one, must, whether they were fit or unfit, create a world of their own, a science, a society, a philosophy, a universe, where they had not yet created a road, or even learned to dig their own iron. They had no time for thought; they saw, and could see, nothing beyond their day's work; their attitude to the universe outside them was that of the deep-sea fish. Above all, they naturally and intensely disliked to be told what to do, and how to do it, by men who took their ideas and their methods from the abstract theories of history, philosophy, or theology. They knew enough to know that their world was one of energies quite new.

Even as he swam in the heavy cream of American society, Adams experienced a fascinated disappointment of the philosophic sort.

> Newport was charming, but it asked for no education and gave none. What it gave was much gayer and pleasanter, and one enjoyed it amazingly; but friendships in that society were a kind of social partnership, like the classes at [Harvard]; not education but the subjects of education.

Here, as he so often did, Henry Adams has put his finger on something. What is significant is not the old, old, plaint against "anti-intellectualism in American life." It is the fact that education in America since about the middle of the old republican era has increasingly had for its primary subject not education but America. (Tocqueville seems to have understood this.) "The mass-man," Jose Ortega y Gasset wrote, "regards

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himself as perfect." Now, to apprehend the perfect as closely as possible has always been the aim of education and of learning. It still is. For the Middle Ages, the perfect was God, upon Whom education in that period was focused. For the 20th and 21st centuries—the age of mass democracy—the perfect is recognizable in the phenomenon of the mass-man himself, who consequently becomes the subject, aim, and object of his own education. Himself, therefore, is the only subject he knows. While it is tempting to view the claptrap of politics, television, radio, journalism, and advertising as an exercise in the shameless flattery of the mass-man by his more sophisticated social and intellectual superiors (who expect in this way to win his trust for the purpose of exploiting both him and his wallet), the temptation needs to be resisted—in the interest of truth-in-advertising, so to speak. Because, in mass-democratic America, who is flattering whom? It is more and more difficult to say, in a society dedicated to egalitarianism by self-conscious egalitarians who privately stare down their noses at the teeming mass-men below them without ever suspecting that what they deprecate is only a variant of themselves and that the joke is really on them. For Henry Adams, at any rate, owing perhaps to his self-confessed 18th-century mind, it was no trouble at all to discern the proletarian embryo taking form in the belly of the American social elite as early as 1868.

Because the subject and object of America has for so long been herself (and never more so than when she believes her commitment to be not to herself but to "ideals" like "freedom," "equality," "equal opportunity," and "democracy"), she has failed for nearly as long to recognize standards whose point of reference lies somewhere above her. At least, she has failed to recognize them publicly and to insist upon them. (Perhaps it was on this basis that Mencken judged the otherwise magnificent Teddy Roosevelt to have been "not an aristocrat.") The failure is caused in part by the cowardliness of what until World War II really *was* an upper class, if not an aristocracy (fear of being *perceived* to be sniffish, superior, and aristocratic); its indifference ("What's the point of trying to set standards for those others—definitely *not* PLU—in a democracy?"); and the humble origins of much of the leadership class itself.

Michael Oakeshott, explaining why ideology (defined as "the formalized abridgment of the supposed substratum of rational truth contained in the [political] tradition") and rationalism have come to dominate in modern politics nearly to the exclusion of any other philosophical approach, concluded that "the politics of Rationalism are the politics of the politically inexperienced." That is to say, rationalism, ideology, and scientific technique applied to politics have a dangerous attraction for modern, postaristocratic, bourgeois politicians who, not having been bred to politics as a family tradition and responsibility, find the formulated political handbook which a rationalist and ideological view of politics provides them to be indispensable. To look to these politicians, and the social classes they represent, for standards beyond those of the merely professional sort is plainly futile; as politicians *and* as Americans, their values are narrow and solipsistic. Worse, these are abstracted—the product of what Oakeshott calls the habit of reflective thought (as opposed to the habit of affection and behavior), which itself is based on "the self-conscious pursuit of moral ideals" and "the reflective observance of moral rules." By this habit, moral life is reduced to a succession of problems, in response to which the realization of the rule employed toward a recognized end is always preferable to concrete behavior. "Indeed," Oakeshott notes, "it is not desired, in this form of the moral life, that tradition should carry us all the way; its distinctive value is to be subjecting behaviour to a continuous corrective analysis and criticism." In these circumstances, the standard of reference—or, for our purposes, the reference for standards—must always be the ideological or the situational one. As with education in Newport at the opening of the Gilded Age, politics is not politics but the subject of politics. (Adams had concluded, "All [in Newport] were doing the same thing, and asking the same question of the future. None could help. Society seemed founded on the law that all was for the best New Yorkers in the best of Newports, and that all young people were rich if they could waltz.")

Education in America since about the middle of the old republican era has increasingly had for its primary subject not education but America. To apprehend the perfect as closely as possible has always been the aim of education. For the 20th and 21st centuries, the perfect is recognizable in the phenomenon of the mass-man, who becomes the subject, aim, and object of his own education.

Allen Tate thought Henry Adams' tragedy was that he never quite understood what he was looking for. Of course, he was looking for faith; but faith, for an Adams and especially for an Adams at Henry's point in the line of descent, was impossible. The Unitarian Church left him cold; the Catholic Church offered him a means to understand both women and philosophical unity through the Virgin Mary, taken as a symbol; while Christianity after two millennia seemed to him no more than a "stupendous failure." No use, therefore, looking to religion for education in the form of transcendental standards (though for years he believed they might be found in Darwinism). That left only aristocracy—but Adams, again as an Adams, was strongly anti-aristocratic—a prejudice that was confirmed for him by his acquaintance with Lords Palmerston and Russell during his years at the Court of St. James. As for Democracy, the Union, the System of 1789—the old Constitution seemed to Adams to have broken down completely after the great Northern victory to which he had made a (very small) con-

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tribution, while the succession of Grant to the office formerly held by his grandfather and great-grandfather suggested that Darwinian evolution was a theory that might almost have been devised by a monkey rather than by a man.

Possibly the problem was that, though Adams was anything but an unself-conscious man, he was not self-conscious in the ordinary way of his compatriots. While the idea that the United States is a propositional or (as Irving Kristol has recently claimed) an ideological nation is patently ahistorical, American society is and always has been intensely self-aware. Yet, to the extent that Henry Adams was self-consciously American, he saw Chaos rather than Progress ahead for his country. "The child born in 1900," he wrote,

> would, then, be born into a new world which would not be a unity but a multiple. Adams tried to imagine it, and an education that would fit it. He found himself in a land where no one had ever penetrated before; where order was an accidental relation obnoxious to nature; artificial compulsion imposed on motion; against which every free energy of the universe revolted; and which, being merely occasional, resolved itself back into anarchy at last. He could not deny that the law of the new multiverse explained much that had been most obscure, especially the persistently fiendish treatment of man by man; the perpetual effort of society to establish law, and the perpetual revolt of society against the law it had established; the perpetual building up of authority by force, and the perpetual appeal to force to overthrow it; the perpetual symbolism of a higher law, and the perpetual relapse to a lower one; the perpetual victory of the principles of freedom, and their perpetual conversion into principles of power; but the staggering problem was the outlook ahead into the despotism of artificial order which nature abhorred. The physicists had a phrase for it, unintelligible to the vulgar: "All that we win is a battle—lost in advance—with the irreversible phenomena in the background of nature."

All that Adams seems to have left out of this picture are the solid bulk and soaring spires of Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres, standing strong against that same penumbrous background.

Words for John Murphy, Perhaps

by Timothy Murphy

"Do not despair, love. Do not grieve.
Though you're with child and I must go
from a wharf white with snow,
trust that we take not now our final leave.

"Somewhere I'll find an unclaimed swale,
and there bailiffs who cannot wait
for the maize to ripen late
will never march their tipstaffs down the trail.

"When I have earned your steerage fare,
you and the child can follow me
to where rack rent will be
a bitter memory of County Clare."

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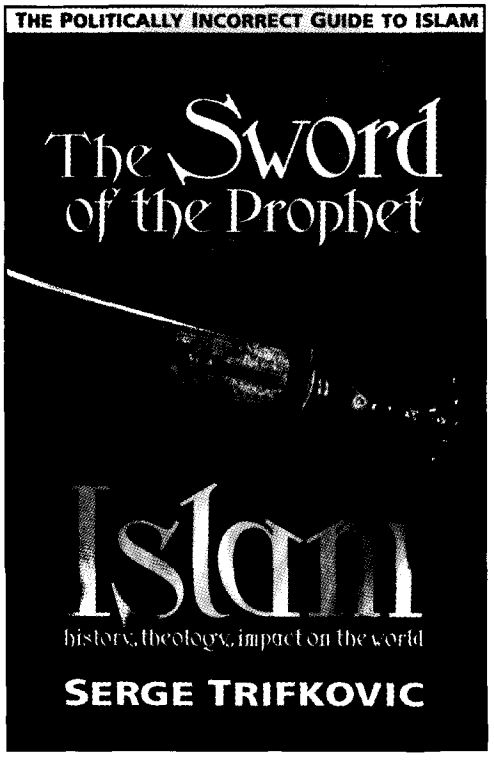
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Consumption Taxes, Property Rights

Notes Toward the Restoration of Property

by Scott P. Richert

"For if property is secure, it may be the means to an end, whereas if it is insecure it will be the end itself."

—Paul Elmer More

Property, Merriam Webster's tells us, is "something owned or possessed" and specifically a piece of real estate; or "the exclusive right to possess, enjoy, and dispose of a thing"—in other words, ownership. In recent years, *ownership* or *property rights* have increasingly become identified with the third element of that definition—"to dispose of a thing"—and *dispose* has come to mean simply the ability to sell the property. And not without good reason, because, at first glance, this element seems to be the one most threatened by government confiscation—either directly, in the form of eminent domain and onerous taxes, or indirectly, through environmental regulations, burdensome zoning codes, and even well-intentioned laws, such as historic-preservation ordinances. In part because government almost always wins these battles, those who fight the confiscation of their property are usually reduced to arguing that they are not being properly compensated (in the case of direct confiscation) or that the indirect confiscation will reduce the price that they will be able to get when they attempt to sell their property. In the United States, the days when such battles might have ended in an armed standoff with the sheriff in the Tennessee Valley have become nothing more than a line in Steve Earle's "The Rain Came Down"—"So don't you come around here with your auctioneer man / 'cuz you can have my machines but you ain't taking my land." If the government wants your land, it will take it, and the best you can do, it seems, is to negotiate the most favorable price.

Private property is the bulwark of Western civilization, but, despite the claims of big-market conservatives, our civilization was not built solely—or even primarily—upon the buying and selling of property but upon the possession and enjoyment of it. And those elements of property rights are just as strongly under attack today, and to far more devastating effect. After all, in the vast majority of eminent-domain cases, the owner ultimately ends up with a reasonable approximation of the fair-market value of the confiscated property. What he never ends up with, however, is the property itself and, thus, neither the possession nor the enjoyment of it.

Some so-called conservatives—"democratic capitalists," especially—might say that such concerns are irrelevant, since the concept of property as real estate (they would claim) is archaic. Thus, in the recent book *Wealth, Poverty & Human Destiny* (ISI Books), Michael Novak, in a chapter entitled "Catholic Social Teaching, Markets, and the Poor," argues that,

> At one time, the major form of wealth in most places was *land*. . . . In our time . . . economists affirm that the chief cause of the wealth of nations is not material at all, but *knowledge, skill, know-how*—in short, those acts and habits of discovery, invention, organization, and forethought that economists now describe as "human capital," located in the human spirit and produced by the spiritual activities of education and training and mentoring. Human capital also includes moral habits, such as hard work, cooperativeness, social trust, alertness, honesty, and social habits, such as respect for the rule of law.

To bolster his argument, Novak claims that property itself, in our "information age," is increasingly immaterial:

> In the new economy of today . . . it is very difficult to be a materialist, strictly understood. Consider your last purchase of a new disk or program for your computer. How much *material* do you actually have in your hand? About eighty cents worth of plastic. What you actually paid for is almost entirely composed of *mind*, the fruit of the human spirit, information in a design created by human intelligence. All around us, *matter* matters less and less, and *intelligence* (or spirit) matters more.

Let us set aside the fact that Novak's example is really no different from thousands of others that could have been offered at *any* point in history. (Artisans sell their works for more than the value of the materials; the dry cleaner only returns your shirt; your accountant hands you numbers on a sheet of paper.) On the surface, Novak seems to be echoing John Lukacs's claim (in *Historical Consciousness* and elsewhere) that mind is increasingly intruding into the material world. There is a very important difference between the two ideas, however. Lukacs, as a Christian, knows that man is both matter and spirit and that the two are inseparable; Novak, on the other hand, makes his argument to denigrate matter, which is why he has no problem writing such profoundly anti-incarnational (and, thus, un-Christian) statements as these: "It is true, of course, that there are today, as there were in biblical times, many who confine their horizons to this earth as we sense it, who eat, drink, and make merry until they die. Not a few among the baptized are included in that number. In this sense, materialists there will always be."

Novak attributes his ideas to Pope John Paul II, but they are contradicted by the history of Christian thought, which

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has always stressed both the material nature of property (while acknowledging its spiritual uses) and the importance of guaranteeing ownership. Nowhere is this more true than in Catholic social teaching—particularly Leo XIII's *Rerum novarum*, which, rather than being redistributist (as some Catholic paleolibertarians would falsely claim), affirms that "private possessions are clearly in accord with nature" and argues that the state should not impede the ability of men to acquire property.

Christian tradition has always seen property as the basis of the social order, for, if all is held in common, there can be no charity, which binds society together. Thus, Leo XIII writes,

> But if the question be asked: How ought man use his possessions? the Church replies without hesitation [in the words of St. Thomas Aquinas]: "As to this point, man ought not regard external goods as his own, but as common so that, in fact, a person should readily share them when he sees others in need. Wherefore the Apostle says: 'Charge the rich of this world . . . to give readily, to share with others'."

This understanding of Christian charity presupposes private property, and not of the "spiritual" sort that Michael Novak sees overwhelming the material. In fact, in contrast to Church teaching, Novak's argument would appear to excuse legal impediments to property ownership—the poor do not need to be allowed to acquire property; they already have an abundance of human capital—and to replace true, face-to-face charity (based on a material conception of property) with warm and fuzzy feelings about "mankind":

> People find it increasingly hard to think only about local conditions. Is this not a major step in the direction of the realities of solidarity? Are human beings not planetary creatures, one another's brothers and sisters, members of one same body, every part serving every other part?

Contrast this Marxian sentimentality with Leo XIII's concrete explanation of the duties of Christian charity and of property ownership:

> No one, certainly, is obliged to assist others out of what is required for his own necessary use or for that of his family, or even to give to others what he himself needs to maintain his station in life becomingly and decently . . . But when the demands of necessity and propriety have been sufficiently met, it is a duty to give to the poor out of that which remains. . . . These are duties not of justice, except in cases of extreme need, but of Christian charity, which obviously cannot be enforced by legal action.

Denying the material nature of property is simply another way of downplaying the necessity of the possession and enjoyment of property (and, conversely, of relieving those who do possess property of the obligations that accompany ownership). When "conservative" Catholics adopt such gnostic notions, is it any wonder that the leftist march toward total government confiscation of property—or, at least, toward the establishment of the principle that government is the ultimate owner of all property, which it may deign to let us use for a time—continues unimpeded?

Replacing Christian charity backed by private property with welfare programs secured by state confiscation has encouraged owners to think of their property rights simply in terms of the ability to sell. There is little or no incentive to commit to a particular place, to a plot of land that a family can develop (in the best sense of the word) and hand down from generation to generation, for the enjoyment of the family and the enrichment of the surrounding community. As Paul Elmer More warned, the insecurity of property leads owners to regard their land as something that can (and should) be strip-mined—at least figuratively—before government can take it away.

In 1959, Anthony Rudis and his family moved from the South Side of Chicago to a 610-acre farm in Monee, south of Chicago near the Indiana border. Poor soils have resulted in a rather barren landscape—"There wasn't a single tree or shrub here when I first bought the land," Rudis recently told the *Chicago Tribune*. Rudis decided to do something about that and, over the past 35 years, has transformed at least 400 acres of the farm into a nature preserve, the third-largest reforestation project in the state, overflowing with deer and pheasant, prairie grasses and woodlands.

Now, the *Tribune* reports, "Officials from the Illinois Department of Transportation recently asked to appraise his property . . . , but Rudis told them to go way. Eventually the state could go to court and use eminent domain powers to seize the land." Why? Because it sits dead center in the proposed site of the Peotone airport, a pet project of former Republican governor George Ryan, who is rumored to have substantial real-estate holdings of his own in the area. (Illinois allows property to be held in blind trusts, so it is essentially impossible to verify such rumors.) The airport, Ryan and others claim, will spur economic development in the area. The current plans call for the acquisition of Rudis Farm and the complete destruction of a third of a century of blood, sweat, and tears.

If, in 1959, Rudis had known that he might eventually be deprived of the enjoyment and possession of his property, would he have spent the time and money? Possibly—he and his family have 35 years of memories of their life on the land that provide greater compensation for their efforts than any pittance the state may pay when it confiscates their property. That is the choice that Rockford Institute board member Bill Diehl, who has been restoring the natural habitat of his family farm outside Defiance, Ohio, now faces. With property values around his Thoreau Wildlife Sanctuary rising rapidly, Diehl worries that continuing with his project may deprive his children and grandchildren of a larger inheritance. It is a choice that, in a sane society that valued the possession and enjoyment of property as much as its disposal, he might not have to make.

Libertarians would undoubtedly argue that the choice facing Diehl is a market choice, free from coercion, so it is nothing that we should be concerned about. That ignores, however, the role that government has played—and continues to play—in distorting the market for property. The deliberate crafting of policies and tax law to favor new development over redevelopment, and the sale of land over the holding of it, is just as socially destructive as outright confiscation. When the possession of property becomes merely the intermediate state between two "market transactions," our country becomes, for all intents and purposes, a nomadic society. And nomadic societies have never sustained, much less built, a civilization.

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It's Springtime for Hitler in Europe

Is Europe Anti-Israeli and Antisemitic?

by Leon T. Hadar

Few would challenge the observation that the level of anti-American sentiments has been rising in Europe in recent months and has reached an historic high during the war against Iraq. At the same time, the attitudes among Arabs toward the E.U. states—with the exception of Great Britain—and, in particular, toward France have been more favorable. Neoconservative analysts have attributed that to the "pro-Arab" positions held by the European governments, media, and public. This alleged "pro-Arabism" explains the refusal of France and other European countries to support the Bush administration's tough stand against terrorism and its military campaign against Iraq. At the same time, the neoconservatives say, American support for the Jewish state represents an identification with the democratic ideals of Israel.

Moreover, the European "appeasement" of Saddam Hussein and the strong support in France and Europe for Palestinian independence—a recent *Economist* poll suggested that the French sympathize with the Palestinians over Israel by a margin of 41 to 13—is considered by these Americans to be a reflection not only of anti-Israeli (and pro-Palestinian) attitudes in Europe but of the reemergence of European antisemitism. That, according to this argument, was dramatized by the attacks against synagogues and other Jewish property in France in the last two years. There is a growing danger that "the Arab style of Judeo-phobia, which is an anti-Semitism without the West's complexes," would appear to offer "a real redemptive project" to a growing number of Frenchmen who are willing to embrace it, warned Christopher Caldwell, a senior editor for the *Weekly Standard*. French and European criticism of the policies of the Sharon government in Jerusalem is not based on rational calculation of national interests as they are affected by the Israel-Palestine conflict. Instead, "what we are seeing is pent-up anti-Semitism, the release—with Israel as the trigger—of a millennium-old urge that powerfully infected and shaped European history," observed Charles Krauthammer. Europeans are not critical of Israel because of her policies toward the Palestinians; they hate the Jewish state because they are intolerant of "Jewish assertiveness, the Jewish refusal to accept victim hood," which Israel embodies.

Neoconservative intellectuals tend to disparage the "culture of victimhood" practiced by leaders of racial minorities in the United States, which, they argue, perpetuates the misconceptions that members of such groups are not responsible for their conditions. Ironically, they seem to apply that same faulty thinking when it comes to Israeli and American policies in the Middle East and the way they are viewed in Europe. Both Israel and the United States are perceived as somewhat passive actors who are hated by the Arabs and the Europeans not for what they do (*e.g.*, the Israelis establishing Jewish settlements in occupied Palestinian territory or the Americans supporting Israel as well as autocratic Arab regimes) but for who they are. In a lengthy cover story about "why the Europeans and Arabs, each in their own way, hate America and Israel," David Brooks, a senior editor of the *Weekly Standard*, proposed that alleged anti-American and anti-Israeli sentiments in the Arab world and Europe are a projection of common resentment among "Europeans" and "Arabs" against "two peoples—the Americans and the Jews—[who] have emerged as the great exemplars of undeserved success." That view is shared by another analyst who argues that "anti-Israelism and anti-Americanism travel together." And American sympathy for Israel and European support for the Arabs "are essentially cultural statements, unrelated to the fine points of the 'Palestinian question,'" according to Mark Steyn, a leading neoconservative journalist. "If America recognizes a kindred spirit in Israel, then so does Europe for Arab autocracies."

This neoconservative "civilizational" explanation becomes the basis for justifying Israeli and American policies while discrediting the European approach. After all, if you accept the notions proposed by Brooks, Steyn, and others, the Israeli and American "victims" are doomed and will never be able to change those attitudes. Israel could withdraw tomorrow from the 1967 lines, dismantle the Jewish settlements in the West Bank and Gaza, and recognize an independent Palestinian state in those territories. The United States could drop her support for the autocratic regimes in Egypt and Saudi Arabia, could cut her enormous aid to Israel, and could have refrained from attacking Iraq or from imposing economic sanctions on her after the first Gulf War. Even if all of that were to happen, however, the Arabs and the Europeans ("each in their [*sic*] own way") would still hate the Americans and the Jews. The conclusion is that we should dismiss the notion advanced by the French and other Europeans that their attitude toward Israel during the second *intifada* has been affected by the Likud policy of establishing Greater Israel in the West Bank or that their approach toward the United States over the Iraq war stemmed from their opposition to the neoconservative project of bringing the American Empire to Iraq and the Middle East. Hence, there is no chain of causality linking European to American (and Israeli) policies in the Middle East. It's European multilateralism, wimpiness, appeasement, impotence, decadence, anti-Americanism, and antisemitism, stupid!

The idea of a clash of civilizations between the Euro-Arab and the American-Israeli blocs has become an intellectu-

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al dogma among neoconservatives that explains the developments since the second *intifada* and, later, September 11. It recalls the kind of political-cultural disposition that dominated the thinking of the Israeli elite and public before the Israelis and the Palestinians started taking steps toward peace after the first Gulf War, during the Madrid Peace Conference, and during the so-called Oslo Process. The belief that "the whole world is against us" and that Israel's isolation in the Middle East and the international community was a product of never-ending anti-Israeli and antisemitic attitudes among Arabs, Europeans, and Americans served for many years, especially following the 1967 Six Day War, as a excuse for Israeli diplomatic intransigence and a lack of willingness to accommodate Palestinian demands for independence. The assumption was that the conflict between Israelis and Arabs was not "normal" in the sense that it could not be resolved through the give-and-take of diplomacy in which each side's consideration of national interest serves as the basis of negotiations. But the coming to power of the Labor government in Israel in 1992, in the aftermath of the Madrid Peace Conference and against the backdrop of the first *intifada*, produced an ideological earthquake in Israel, transforming the opinion of the elite and the public in that country and creating the basis for Israeli-Palestinian détente and the ending of Israeli isolation in the Middle East. Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin addressed the Knesset on July 13, 1992, as the head of the first Israeli government in 15 years to be dominated by the Labor Party. Rabin sounded the battle cry of those Israelis striving for "normalcy" and peace with the Arab world, declaring that Israel was changing direction after 15 years of Likud rule. He called on the Israeli people to stop thinking that "the whole world is against us." Israel "must overcome the sense of isolation that has held us in its thrall for almost half a century," he said. "We must join the international movement toward peace, reconciliation and cooperation that is spreading over the entire globe these days, lest we be the last to remain, all alone, in the station."

Ten years have passed since the address by Rabin (who was assassinated by a Jewish extremist), and, once again, "the whole world is against us." This time, however, "us" includes both Israel and the United States. Indeed, if the second *intifada* made it possible for the Likud Party, with its Greater Israel agenda, to return to power, demolish the foundations of the Oslo Process, and devastate the Palestinian Authority in the occupied territories, September 11 and the ensuing War on Terror created an opportunity for the neoconservative foreign-policy professionals to get Washington to adopt their American Empire agenda in the Middle East, leading to the U.S. war against Iraq. Under the influence of the pro-Likud neoconservative intellectuals who now occupy top foreign-policy and national-security positions in the Bush administration and dominate most of the media outlets and think tanks affiliated with the Republican Party, and pressed by the powerful Christian Right constituency, the White House decided to ally itself with the ultranationalist forces in Israel. George W. Bush and some of his advisors, especially those making policy in the Pentagon, seemed to have adopted the Likud Party's spin—that Yasser Arafat, Osama bin Laden, and Saddam Hussein are political and military partners and that the Palestinian opposition to the Israeli occupation is directly tied to the radical Islamic agenda, a global *intifada*, that was the driving force behind the terrorist attacks on the World Trade Center and the Pentagon. Hence, that September 11 took place a year after the start of the second *intifada* as the Bush administration was trying to devise its own approach toward the Israel-Palestine problem turned out to be a political opportunity for neoconservatives in the administration—such as Deputy Defense Secretary Paul Wolfowitz—and their allies in Congress, the media, and the think tanks to promote their agenda, which sees Israel as a central element in a U.S. strategy of establishing dominance in the Middle East and as a way of perpetuating American unipolar status worldwide. A visitor from Mars to Washington in 2002, attending one of the many joint press conferences in the White House, would have found it difficult to decide, after listening to President Bush and Prime Minister Sharon, which of the two represented the United States and which Israel.

The insistence of the neoconservatives and their Likud allies that current European views and policies are a product of "anti-Israelism" and "antisemitism" mixed with touches of "anti-Americanism" could unfortunately become a self-fulfilling prophecy.

Indeed, notwithstanding the Middle East peace plan offered by President Bush that called for the establishment of an independent Palestinian state, it is clear that the green light that the White House gave to Prime Minister Sharon to use military power to destroy the infrastructure of the Palestinian Authority, weaken the power of Yasser Arafat, and re-invade parts of the West Bank and Gaza reflected the choice made by the President to place Palestinian independence on the back burner. At the same time, the invasion of Iraq seems to be part of a grand global imperial strategy concocted by the neoconservatives, aimed at redrawing the map of the Middle East to permit U.S. military and diplomatic hegemony in the region (including the "taming" of Iran, Saudi Arabia, and Syria) and to deny any power in the region, with the exception of Israel, access to WMD's. Various reports suggest that the neoconservatives have drawn plans to establish a democratic Iraqi federation that, with its huge oil resources and educated population, would become a model of political and economic freedom for other Arab countries. They assume that Iraq's oil, combined with the development of new energy sources in Russia, the Caspian Sea, and West Africa, could help reduce Saudi Arabia's position as a global energy supplier. Not surprisingly, the American strategy is seen in the Arab world, Europe, and elsewhere as part of an effort to allow the U.S.-Israel axis to dominate the Middle East, a neoconservative-driven alliance between the American Empire and Greater Israel.

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The outlines of this Middle East strategy have been drawn by such leading neoconservative thinkers as William Kristol, Robert Kagan, Richard Perle, and Michael Ledeen, who have publicized their views in the *Weekly Standard*, *National Review Online*, *Commentary*, and other outlets and in discussions at such think tanks as the American Enterprise Institute and the Hudson Institute. Their vision is shared by many of their colleagues, including Wolfowitz, John Bolton, David Wurmser, Douglas Feith, Elliott Abrams, and others serving in top positions in the Bush administration. They have succeeded since September 11 in turning a foreign-policy agenda that a few years ago would have been regarded as nothing more than the product of hallucinations by a group of intellectuals in Washington, most of whom are frustrated Cold Warriors and ardent Zionists, into a reality. Indeed, as Kagan himself admitted, September 11 "has paved the way for a neocons' revolution in the way that the Soviet-backed North Korean invasion of the south galvanized Washington into adopting the Truman Doctrine."

Now that the neoconservatives have succeeded in ousting both Saddam Hussein and Yasser Arafat from power and in forming what amounts to a new foreign-policy establishment and doctrine, it is perhaps surprising that some of them resent comments made by pundits in the United States and Europe suggesting that the neocons have emerged as a powerful group of policymakers that helped shape the Bush administration's Middle East and foreign policy and describing them as a pro-Israeli group with close ties to Likud. One neoconservative columnist, Lawrence Kaplan, even accused American pundits who point to the pro-Israeli sentiments of Wolfowitz and others of "invoking the specter of dual loyalty" of Jewish neoconservatives and of projecting latent antisemitism. As online columnist Mickey Kaus pointed out, however, some of the leading critics of the neoconservative agenda are Jewish and backers of Israel. And the same Kagan who celebrated the triumph of neoconservatism after September 11 has observed from his experiences in Europe: "One finds Britain's finest minds propounding . . . conspiracy theories concerning the 'neo-conservative' (read: Jewish) hijacking of American foreign policy. In Paris, all the talk is of oil and 'imperialism' and Jews." When a member of the French parliament quoted his country's foreign minister, Dominique de Villepin, as saying that "the hawks in the US administration [are] in the hands of Sharon," neoconservatives regarded this as a coded message about undue influence by the pro-Israeli neoconservatives and, thus, one dripping with antisemitic connotations.

One could imagine the response from Kagan and other neoconservatives if critics of the Rev. Al Sharpton were to be accused of racism or if bashers of Zimbabwe's Robert Mugabe were to be called "anti-African." Yet much of the neoconservative assault on Europe's policy on Iraq and the Israel-Palestine conflict is indeed an attempt to transform differences over concrete policy choices made by Washington (and Israel) into a civilizational struggle over core values, in which the opposition by France and other E.U. governments (and most publics) to specific American or Israeli policies is framed as European wimpiness, decadence, cynicism, appeasement, old age, bourgeoisophobism, and antisemitism.

Indeed, the view that Europe—in particular, France—has been experiencing a new wave of antisemitism, a revival of the European anti-Jewish disease that helped create the environment of the holocaust, seems to have been adopted by such analysts as Krauthammer, George Will, and others who have accused contemporary Europe of offering "Christian anti-Semitism, without the Christianity," as the June 2002 issue of the *American Spectator* put it. Leading American observer of European history Tony Judt argued that the "Europhobic Myth" disseminated by neoconservative writers in the United States is promoting a claim that "Europe is awash in anti-Semitism, that the ghosts of Europe's Judeophobic past are risen again, and that this atavistic prejudice, Europe's original sin, explains widespread European criticism of Israel, sympathy for the Arab world, and even support for Iraq." Much of this "springtime for Hitler in Europe" assertion is based on reports of several attacks on Jews and Jewish property, including synagogues and cemeteries in France, since the start of the second *intifada* in the autumn of 2000 and especially in the aftermath of September 11. Most of these crimes were committed by immigrants living in that country, many of whom are disaffected young men from among France's four to five million Muslims. Muslims were also behind similar anti-Jewish incidents in a few other European countries. That those attacks against Jews and Jewish targets in France were taking place at the same time that French populist Jean-Marie Le Pen rocketed to prominence by reaching the final round of France's presidential elections (while other far-right parties were doing well elsewhere in Europe) was, Krauthammer and Will suggested, an indication that the genie of antisemitism was out again in Europe.

According to results of opinion polls published in the *Economist*, however, antisemitism, defined as personal hostility toward Jews based on religion or race (or both), is neither widespread nor increasing in France, where 600,000 Jews have done well in politics, business, and academia since the end of World War II. (In fact, since 1945, Jews have served as prime ministers and presidents of France, and some observers expect that two Jews representing the mainstream political left and right might face each other in the coming race for prime minister.) While Le Pen has expressed antisemitism in the past, his main target in the last election were the Muslims living in France. He called for their expulsion and identified French interests with the American and Israeli War on Terror. In fact, as the same polls indicate, antisemitism (both its racial and religious versions) has been in steep decline in most of Western Europe—including in Britain and Germany, especially among the young, and particularly among those on the political left. At the same time, there has been a backlash in many of those countries against Muslim immigrants, which explains the rise in support for anti-immigrant right-wing parties in Holland, Denmark, and Austria. In figures that are broadly comparable to results from similar polls taken in the United States, an overwhelming majority of young people polled in France believe that Frenchmen and Europeans should speak more about the holocaust, and nearly nine out of ten agreed that attacks on synagogues are "scandalous." The comparisons between American and European opinion, according to a study by the Anti-Defamation League, also indicate that more Americans than Europeans are ready to assume that a Jew's first loyalty might be to Israel. Ironically, it is in Eastern Europe, especially in Poland and Hungary (two leading members of the so-called New Europe bloc), that there has been a certain rise in antisemitic sentiments and that declared antisemitic political parties have done quite well in recent elections.

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The other irony is that the same Eastern European nations (together with Russia) tend to pursue a pro-Israeli policy. Meanwhile, in such countries as Holland and Germany, where opinion polls detect the lowest level of antisemitism in Europe (and the West), opinion also tends to be sympathetic toward the Palestinians. Similarly, young people in Europe who describe themselves as leftists are both uncompromisingly anti-antisemites and tough critics of Israeli policies toward the Palestinians, while many of those who voted for Le Pen and other extreme right-wing political parties sympathize with Israeli policies. Indeed, contrary to the spin disseminated by the neoconservatives, what most Europeans are projecting is not a new or old form of antisemitism but a more critical approach toward the policies of the state of Israel, especially in her treatment of the Palestinians. According to a study published in *Foreign Policy*, there is a gap between Europeans and Americans on the Israel-Palestine issue: 72 percent of Europeans favor a Palestinian state *versus* 40 percent of Americans, and more Europeans than Americans blame Israel for the continuing conflict in the Holy Land.

Describing European attitudes toward Israel as "anti-Israeli" would be as misleading as suggesting that the American policies in the Middle East are "anti-Arab" or "anti-Palestinian." The majority of Europeans hold positions similar to those of a large number of Israelis—namely, that Israel should dismantle most of the illegal settlements she established in the West Bank and Gaza and withdraw to the 1967 lines in exchange for peace and security; that an independent Palestinian state should be established side by side with Israel; and that East Jerusalem should be her capital. Those views turned out to be the basis for the peace proposal of former Israeli prime minister Ehud Barak, backed by President Bill Clinton at Camp David at the end of 2000. In addition, much of the European criticism directed at Israeli human-rights abuses in the Palestinian occupied territories is substantiated by human-rights groups in North America and Israel. Nor is the recent criticism of Israel, as reflected in opinion polls and policies of E.U. governments, directed against Israel as a Jewish state or as part of an effort to delegitimize Zionism.

The European Union is, after all, Israel's largest trading partner. Germany, Israel's second-largest supplier of arms (after the United States), is considered one of Israel's most important allies in the world. France was a military and diplomatic ally of Israel in the 1950's and early 60's during the civil war in Algeria, when both countries regarded Egypt under Arab nationalist Gamal Abdel Nasser as a threat to their national interests. Both countries shared a suspicion that Washington was trying to establish and sustain its presence in the Middle East by attempting to co-opt the emerging forces of Arab nationalism and was adopting policies that ran contrary to the interests of the former European imperialist powers as well as those of Israel. Israel and France (together with Britain) collaborated in a military invasion of Egypt in 1956 (condemned by the Americans), and the French provided Israel with military equipment, including advanced fighter jets, and helped the Jewish state develop her nuclear military capability at a time when Washington had imposed a military embargo upon Israel. In fact, Israeli leaders in the early 60's were toying with the idea of adopting a "European Orientation" based on an alliance with a Franco-German bloc, which brought together strands of Gaullism and muted German nationalism and which, not unlike the current Paris-Berlin partnership, assumed an anti-American course. At the time, officials in Bonn, Paris, and Jerusalem concluded that President Kennedy was striving to reach an agreement with Moscow based on an American-Soviet "condominium" in Europe and elsewhere (foreshadowing concerns over American global hegemony) that would secure their nuclear supremacy. Further, the French and the Israelis assumed that the White House was not only supporting Algerian independence but was moving toward closer ties with Egypt's President Nasser.

> The idea of a clash of civilizations between the Euro-Arab and the American-Israeli blocs has become a dogma among neoconservatives that explains the developments since the second *intifada* and September 11.

While the French policy, together with that of the other European countries, tilted more to the Arab and Palestinian side after Israel's military victory in 1967, European policies in the Middle East have been dynamic and responsive to changes in Israeli, Arab, and American policies. Hence, while the European Union was critical of Israeli policies in the West Bank during the nationalist-religious Likud government of Benjamin Netanyahu, the European Union adopted a more sympathetic position toward Israel when Labor leader Ehud Barak came to power and took steps to make peace with the Palestinians. Indeed, some Palestinians at that time accused the European Union of adopting an "anti-Palestinian" approach. And, as much as the neoconservative Euro-bashers seem to direct their accusations of anti-Israeli attitudes (and antisemitism) against France and other "Old" European countries, it has been Britain and two "New" European nations, Spain and Italy (and not "Old" Germany), that have been the leading E.U. promoters of the cause of Palestinian independence, pressing Washington to force Israel to make concessions to the Palestinians.

The insistence on the part of the neoconservatives in Washington and their Likud allies in Jerusalem that current European views and policies are a product of "anti-Israelism" and "antisemitism" mixed with touches of "anti-Americanism" could unfortunately become a self-fulfilling prophecy. "Sharon and his supporters are pouring oil on the flames of anti-Semitism," argues Uri Avnery, a leading Israeli commentator. "Accusing all critics of his policy of being anti-Semites, they are branding large communities with this mark, and many good people who feel no hatred towards the Jews, but who detest persecution of the Palestinians, are now called anti-Semites." "Thus," he adds, "the sting is taken out of this word, giving it something approaching respectability."

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See, I Told You So

(About Limbaugh)

by Cliff Kincaid

In commenting on the reaction to Rush Limbaugh's drug addiction, fellow radio talk-show host Michael Savage used the biblical quotation, "Let he who is without sin cast the first stone." When antidrug warrior Limbaugh was exposed as a subject of a criminal drug investigation, however, it was inevitable that the self-described "epitome of morality and virtue" who preached "character counts" and demanded accountability for Bill Clinton under "the rule of law" would come in for strong criticism.

See, I Told You So was the title of one of Limbaugh's ghostwritten books, but I could now write the same about Limbaugh. My article in the March 1995 issue of *Chronicles*, "The Real Rush Limbaugh" (*Vital Signs*), was a follow-up to my August 28, 1994, *Washington Post* column, "Limbaugh, Leftward into Limbo," both of which questioned his authority as a conservative spokesman. The contradictions between Limbaugh's personal and public lives could not be ignored.

Though he was a professed Reaganite, Limbaugh had never voted for Reagan. A strong defender of traditional morality and religion who told a Christian magazine that Jesus holds "the answers" to life's problems, he was working on his third marriage and did not go to church. He said he gave interviews to *Playboy* and *Penthouse* because he was a Christ-like figure taking salvation to "the sinners."

Limbaugh, who was scheduled to get the Claremont Institute's Statesmanship Award before he went into drug rehab, is not the only "conservative" public figure exposed as a hypocrite. My *Chronicles* piece noted that Limbaugh was very close to William Bennett and Newt Gingrich. Bennett, the editor of *The Book of Virtues*, became "The Bookie of Virtue," to quote the title of a June 2003 *Washington Monthly* article by Joshua Green about his gambling problem. William F. Buckley, Jr., conceded that Bennett had been "objectively discredited" and that "He will not publish another book on another virtue." Bennett, however, has returned to television, making an October 24 appearance on Chris Mathews' *Hardball* on MSNBC to defend—who else?—Limbaugh. And, after Limbaugh went into rehab, the Claremont Institute replaced him with Bennett.

Gingrich was orchestrating the impeachment of Clinton on sex-related charges while conducting an adulterous affair with a congressional aide. Like Bennett, he is a regular commentator on the Fox News Channel, the "conservative" organization that recently became one of the first news agencies to offer special health benefits to its homosexual employees.

Back in 1993, Bennett appeared on Limbaugh's show to publicize his *Index of Leading Cultural Indicators*, documenting a 30-year decline in U.S. culture in 14 different areas, such as divorce rates, drug use, and crime. Limbaugh declared, "It's time to start championing old-fashioned values like fidelity, chastity, sobriety, self-restraint, self-discipline and self-reliance, and responsibility. Is that so unthinkable? Is that too much to ask?"

Ironically, shortly before his own debacle, Limbaugh had been questioning the conservative credentials of California gubernatorial candidate Arnold Schwarzenegger. "He's not the next Reagan," declared Limbaugh. *New York Times* columnist Maureen Dowd had her own take, writing a column about Schwarzenegger under the headline, "Win One for the Groper," a reference to his admitted sexual groping of women. That admission followed revelations about his illegal drug use and involvement in sex orgies.

My own analysis of Limbaugh's doublespeak had been occasioned by his personal attack on me for something I did not write about him.

The liberal Fairness and Accuracy in Reporting (FAIR) cited the controversy in its book *The Way Things Aren't*, which documented Limbaugh's pattern of making serious errors and not correcting them. FAIR noted that Limbaugh had said that a "fellow conservative" has "written all kinds of pieces about how I don't go make speeches for free, for the cause. . . . He's just one more of these little gnats out there trying to sink a Boeing 747 that's leaving him in a cloud of dust."

In fact, my only published piece on this matter was in *Human Events*, where I noted that Limbaugh had waived his fees for speaking at several conservative events.

I voted twice for Reagan and have a history in the conservative movement going back to my college days in Young Americans for Freedom. Still, some conservatives criticized me for exposing Limbaugh. Even today, after Limbaugh's scandal and humiliation, conservatives with a vested interest in his success would rather pander to his cult followers in the hope that his $300-million empire will not crash and burn.

The drug-legalization movement is ecstatic. "One of our opponents' best commanders has been taken down," reported *smokedot.org*. "This occurrence will definitely play a powerful part in the outcome of the war against drugs, hopefully in favor of us drug proponents." The pro-pot Americans for Safe Access is recommending that Limbaugh switch from the heroin-like Oxycontin to "medical marijuana."

My apparently controversial view has been that, while conservatives are fallible like everyone else, they should strive to practice what they preach and face up to the consequences when they fail. To quote Limbaugh, "Is that too much to ask?"

After being exposed as a drug addict by the *National Enquirer*, Limbaugh hired criminal attorney Roy Black (who successfully defended a Kennedy nephew against rape charges), stonewalled the drug charges for several days, and then issued a carefully crafted statement about going into rehab to shake off an addic-

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tion that he has had for years to drugs prescribed by a doctor for pain. Limbaugh said nothing about charges that he hired his maid to buy the drugs off the street, paid for silence from his suppliers, and tried to destroy evidence in the case. Jesse Jackson noted that, when Limbaugh got into trouble, he "called one of the best trial lawyers in America."

An avid golfer who has his own line of golf shirts and sweaters, Limbaugh's statement said nothing about the "inoperable pilonidal cyst" that kept him out of the Vietnam War. And it turns out that his hearing loss, which generated national sympathy for him, may have been caused by the pills he was popping. Not all conservatives bought the story that Limbaugh was accepting "responsibility." In the conservative talk-radio world, Michael Graham said Limbaugh had "pulled a Clinton"; Ken Hamblin said he was "maneuvering to get a free pass for violating our federal drugs laws"; and Mark Davis urged prosecution of Limbaugh and his maid for the "willful violation of controlled-substance laws."

Graham also said that, "If we as conservatives give Rush a pass, we will be confirming what the Left already wants to believe about us . . . We listeners didn't take his beliefs about responsibility and character to heart, it was all just show business."

On the other hand, in a column posted on Limbaugh's own website, Paul Jacob wrote that Limbaugh's rhetoric about morality was just an exercise in "rollicking facetiousness" and was not to be taken seriously.

The situation went from bad to worse after the conservative Club for Growth welcomed "El Rushbo" back to the air with an advertisement in the *Washington Times* and ABC News investigative journalist Brian Ross reported that authorities were looking into whether Limbaugh laundered money to pay for his drugs. Limbaugh apparently had made between 30 and 40 cash withdrawals from his account in amounts just under $10,000. It looked as if Limbaugh was structuring financial transactions below that limit to avoid reporting the cash withdrawals and, thus, alerting authorities to suspicious financial activity. Ross reported that Limbaugh's lawyers confirmed that a bank employee personally delivered cash to Limbaugh at his New York studio in amounts around $9,900. The transactions were arranged through New York bank U.S. Trust, which paid a ten-million-dollar fine in 2001 because of the Limbaugh cash transfers and others like it.

Limbaugh protested that "I was not laundering money. I was withdrawing money, for crying out loud." He claimed he knew who was behind the allegations, and that he would go public with his suspicions "at some point."

It was then revealed that the Palm Beach County state attorney's office had seized the medical records of four doctors who treated Limbaugh. Asim Brown, a law-enforcement agent assigned to the state attorney's office anti-money-laundering task force, stated in a warrant that Limbaugh's actions "violate the letter, and spirit" of the law that prohibits looking for a doctor willing to prescribe drugs illegally.

Limbaugh read a statement from his lawyer, Roy Black, on the air, saying Limbaugh was the target of a "fishing expedition." It looked like a real-life version of *Finding Nemo*, with a big fish in the crosshairs.

The Club for Growth ad said that America had been waiting for Limbaugh to return "to his rightful place behind the EIB Golden Microphone" to keep the world safe from "loony liberalism."

Speculation is mounting, however, that Limbaugh might have to leave his golden microphone and vacate his $24-million oceanfront mansion for less luxurious accommodations.

—c

Black Swans

by Peter Hunt

On a blue-green, quiet lagoon beside the sea
a multitude of swans, jet-black, with blood-red beaks,
glide in warm companies of homely pairs,
with infant birds paddling in their parents' wake.
It's a surprise of swans, for in the main
I've seen only several pairs on landlocked lakes,
or in silver bays alive with ducks
and water-hens, and usually so shy,
appearing only now and then, like princes
of lost kingdoms, reticent, aloof,
retiring to their nests among the reeds
with due circumspection.
Wading in to get a picture, I
move slowly, but my clumsy, slopping steps
soon frighten them away, and all I take
are images of anxious, outstretched wings
and black-white bodies streamlined in the cool dawn air.

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Letting the Catholic Out of the Baggins

by Joseph Pearce

"Poetry requires not an examining but a believing frame of mind."
—T.B. Macaulay

J.R.R. Tolkien's Sanctifying Myth
by Bradley J. Birzer
Wilmington, Delaware: ISI Books;
245 pp., $24.95

J.R.R. Tolkien: Myth, Morality and Religion
by Richard Purtill
San Francisco: Ignatius Press;
207 pp., $13.95

A Hidden Presence: The Catholic Imagination of J.R.R. Tolkien
edited by Fr. Ian Boyd
and Stratford Caldecott
South Orange, NJ: The Chesterton Press;
185 pp., $25.00

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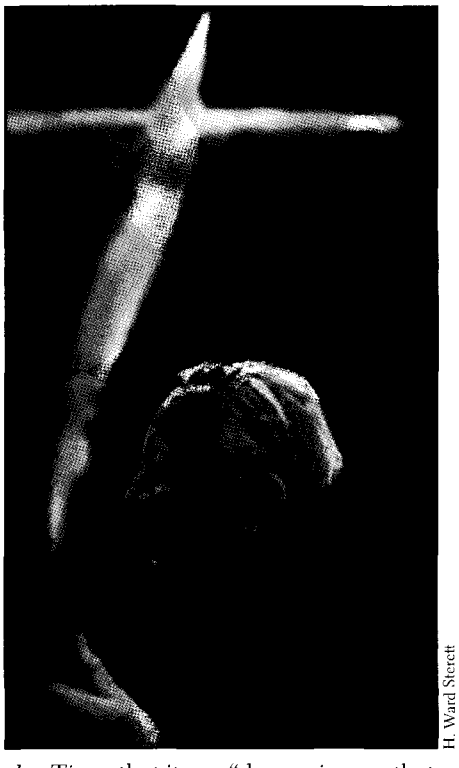

H. Ward Sterett

In the United Kingdom, back in 1997, Tolkien's *The Lord of the Rings* was voted "the greatest book of the twentieth century" in several major polls, emerging as a runaway winner ahead of its nearest rival, Orwell's *1984*. Tolkien was also voted the 20th century's greatest author, ahead of Orwell and Evelyn Waugh.

Tolkien's triumph was greeted with anger and contempt by many literary "experts." Writer Howard Jacobson reacted with splenetic scorn, dismissing Tolkien as being "for children . . . or the adult slow." The poll merely demonstrated "the folly of teaching people to read . . . It's another black day for British culture." Susan Jeffreys wrote in the *Sunday Times* that it was "depressing . . . that the votes for the world's best 20th-century book should have come from those burrowing an escape into a nonexistent world." The *Times Literary Supplement* described the results of the poll as "horrifying," while a writer in the *Guardian* complained that *The Lord of the Rings* "must be by any reckoning one of the worst books ever written."

Probably the most bitter response to Tolkien's triumph came from feminist writer Germaine Greer, who, a quarter of a century earlier, had attained notoriety for her authorship of the best-selling handbook of women's "liberation," *The Female Eunuch*. Greer complained that

> Ever since I arrived at Cambridge as a student in 1964 and encountered a tribe of full-grown women wearing puffed sleeves, clutching teddies and babbling excitedly about the doings of hobbits, it has been my nightmare that Tolkien would turn out to be the most influential writer of the twentieth century.

Rarely has the vitriol of the critics highlighted to such an extent the cultural schism between the literary illuminati and the views of the reading public.

Most of the self-styled "experts" among the literati who queued up to sneer so contemptuously at *The Lord of the Rings* are outspoken champions of cultural deconstruction and moral relativism. It is also noteworthy, however, that their anodyne and anoetic criticisms of Tolkien's work betrayed an utter ignorance of the profound debt to, and depth of, Christian theology that is its chief hallmark. No doubt, had they been less ignorant, they would have sneered with an added degree of derision at the discovery that the work was deeply Christian in inspiration. Either way, the level of critical engagement, or lack thereof, illustrated a collective blindness regarding the Christian dimension in *The Lord of the Rings*.

My exasperation at this blindness was the spark of motivation behind my writing of *Tolkien: Man & Myth* (Ignatius Press, 1998). My intention was to highlight the centrality of the Catholic Church in Tolkien's life and to illustrate the significance of the author's Catholicism to his work. Previously, the major critical works on Tolkien—those by Tom Shippey and Verlyn Flieger—had concentrated on the linguistic dimension, while largely overlooking the religious aspects. Although these scholarly studies were excellent and worthy of the highest praise, the fact remained that the most important ingredient in Middle Earth was not being discussed.

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Tolkien insisted that the fact that he was "a Christian (and in fact a Roman Catholic)" was the most important of the "really significant" elements in his work, stating specifically and explicitly that it was more important than the linguistic influence. On another occasion, Tolkien wrote that "*The Lord of the Rings* is of course a fundamentally religious and Catholic work: unconsciously so at first, but consciously in the revision." This being so, it seemed odd, to say the least, that there had been no major study of the real significance of the Catholicism of *The Lord of the Rings*. My own work was an effort to rectify a sin of omission.

Now, however, five years after the publication of my book, there seems to be a veritable flood of new religious studies of Tolkien. It is not, perhaps, a plethora, since that suggests that the new phenomenon is in some respects unwelcome or unhealthy; rather, it is an embarrassment of riches. I am utterly delighted that there is now such a flow of Christocentric studies of "the greatest book of the 20th century" and would like to offer a brief guide to some of these titles.

J.R.R. Tolkien's Sanctifying Myth, by Bradley J. Birzer, is the pick of the crop. In chapters on "Myth and Sub-creation," "The Created Order," "Heroism," "The Nature of Evil," and "The Nature of Grace Proclaimed," Professor Birzer elucidates the sheer magnificence of Tolkien's mythological vision and the Christian mysticism and theology that vivify it. The highlight of the book is an excellent and enthralling chapter on the relationship between Middle Earth and modernity, in which Professor Birzer combines his scholarship as an historian steeped in the tradition of Christopher Dawson and Russell Kirk with his grounding in philosophy and theology to place Tolkien's sub-creation in its proper sociopolitical and cultural context.

If Birzer's book has a rival, it is Richard Purtill's *J.R.R. Tolkien: Myth, Morality and Religion*. This is not merely my opinion but that of Professor Birzer himself. "Purtill's book deserves a place alongside the best of Tolkien criticism," Birzer writes.

> At once deeply personal, wise, and Christian, Purtill's intellectual and highly readable work offers an overflowing stream of brilliant insights into Tolkien the man, the author, and the Roman Catholic. Especially stunning are Purtill's explorations of myth and the deeper meanings behind serious science fiction and fantasy. One comes away from this book not only with a better understanding of Tolkien, but more importantly, with a greater grasp of truth, beauty, and Grace.

The best of the rest is *A Hidden Presence: The Catholic Imagination of J.R.R. Tolkien*, a selection of essays edited by Fr. Ian Boyd, better known as a stalwart Chestertonian than as an aficionado of Tolkien, and Stratford Caldecott, Father Boyd's colleague at the Chesterton Institute. Caldecott is a Tolkien scholar of rare insight whose salience and sapience on the typological significance of myth is particularly penetrative. Other essays in this volume include Owen Dudley Edwards on "Gollum, Frodo and the Catholic Novel," which endeavors, not always entirely successfully, to forge critical connections between *The Lord of the Rings* and the novels of such Catholic writers as Mauriac, Bernanos, Greene, and Waugh. Clive Tolley's essay on Tolkien's sadly underrated and underread poem "Mythopoeia" is engrossing but flawed by Tolley's misreading of Pope's *Essay on Man*. Dwight Longenecker's essay comparing hobbit humility with the humility of St. Therese of Lisieux is full of the succinct ingenuity I have come to expect from his deftly adroit pen.

Perhaps the finest essay in *A Hidden Presence*, at least in terms of the pure quality of the prose, is Leonie Caldecott's "At Dawn, Look to the East," which is as fresh and as bright as the dawn itself. The low point is the contribution by veteran Tolkien scholar Verlyn Flieger. At times, her sociological reductionism reduces her analysis to the level of the inane, and she apparently has no conception of the theological depths from which Tolkien drew his inspiration. Her claim, for instance, that Tolkien's history in Middle Earth "begins in imperfection" is curious, to put it mildly, considering that Tolkien's history begins with God! Her essay is so patently contradicted by the general consensus of the other contributors to the volume that it protrudes from the pages of the book like a sore thumb.

There is much else that is good in *A Hidden Presence*, not least of which are several "Perspectives" by those who knew Tolkien personally, including George Sayer and Robert Murray, S.J. There is also an excellent essay entitled "Insights About Evil in *The Lord of the Rings*" by the exceptionally gifted scholar and wordsmith Peter Kreeft, which was originally published in the *Saint Austin Review* (*www.saintaustinreview.com*), a Catholic cultural journal of which I am coeditor.

Space does not permit more than a cursory glance at some of the other Tolkien books that have been published recently. The appropriately named Inkling Books of Seattle has published ***Celebrating Middle-earth: The Lord of the Rings as a Defense of Western Civilization***, a collection of essays edited by John G. West, Jr., as well as ***Untangling Tolkien***, by Michael W. Perry. The former includes contributions by West, Kreeft, and myself; the latter is described as "a chronology and commentary for *The Lord of the Rings*" and serves as a very useful reference work for those desiring a clearer picture of the time frame within which the action takes place.

There are also several new studies by Protestant critics. These include ***Tolkien in Perspective***, by Greg Wright (VMI Publishers, 2003); ***The Gospel According to Tolkien***, by Ralph C. Wood (Westminster John Knox Press, 2003); ***Finding God in the Lord of the Rings***, by Kurt D. Bruner and Jim Ware (Tyndale House Publishers, 2001); and ***Tolkien's Ordinary Virtues: Exploring the Spiritual Themes of* The Lord of the Rings**, by Mark Eddy Smith (Intervarsity Press, 2002).

For my final selection, we shall turn to Poland, from whence an excellent work of scholarship, ***Recovery and Transcendence for the Contemporary Mythmaker: The Spiritual Dimension in the Works of J.R.R. Tolkien***, by Christopher Garbowski (Maria Curie-Sklodowska University Press, 2000) is published. In spite of its clumsy title, its scholarly approach and unifying thesis make worthwhile the difficulty of acquiring it.

The quantity and quality of Tolkien scholarship has certainly come a long way in the five years since I felt impelled to gatecrash the ominous silence on the subject. Since then, in the wake of the film adaptation of *The Lord of the Rings*, we have seen how the Peter Jackson entourage has sought to downplay the importance of Tolkien's Catholic faith in its effort to market its product in a global secular environment. No matter: It is too late to subdue the rising tide of Christian Tolkien scholarship. The proverbial cat is out of the bag; or, rather, the Catholic is out of the Baggins. c

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How the World Works

by William R. Hawkins

The Iron Triangle: Inside the Secret World of the Carlyle Group
by Dan Briody
Hoboken, NJ: John Wiley & Sons; 210 pp., $24.95

◆

As an economics professor, I taught from the Chicago School scripture about the superiority of private business over any contending sector of society. I could never teach so naively again after spending almost a decade observing the Washington legislative sausage factory. Republicans and New Democrats have merged business interests and government policy into a symbiotic beast that feeds on pork and payoffs. The measure of political viability for any candidate depends on how much campaign money can be raised from lobbyists, and the prospect for any piece of legislation rests with the balance of special interests for and against it. Public opinion counts for little. And, while most conservatives breathe easier when petty concerns push grander "socialist" ideologies off the stage, the spread of venality also means the absence of any guiding sense of common interest or national purpose.

Wealth and social status, successful enterprise and political power have always intermixed, of course, and this is not inherently bad. Alexander Hamilton hoped to use the national debt and industrial tariffs to create a business class whose personal interests would support public policy and the Constitution. The question is, *How do we keep the tail from wagging the dog?*

One of the worst examples of tailspin occurred just before the 1998 elections. The Business-Industry Political Action Committee (BIPAC, appropriately pronounced "Buy-PAC") sent out memos blasting Republicans for "coddling social conservatives" at the expense of corporate America. The GOP quickly put a package of "free trade" measures at the top of a reworked congressional agenda, including "fast track" negotiating authority for President Clinton, trade agreements with Africa and the Caribbean to access more cheap labor, and $18 billion for the International Monetary Fund. This selection of issues indicated that the GOP was being pressured to perform as the "running dog" of a specific kind of capitalism—the transnational kind, whose promotion cannot be considered Hamiltonian. Sadly, this situation still endures.

The close connection between business and politics sets in motion a "revolving door" or "iron triangle" between public office and private career, where advancement often depends on blurring the distinction between roles and duties. Even after holding control of Congress for nearly a decade, Republican leaders continue to lecture K Street that they only want to see lobbyists who have records of service to GOP officials (or who are former GOP officials). This creates very lucrative job opportunities in the private sector for those working in the public sector, if only they play ball and consider their future placement when performing their current duties.

Thus, I was prepared to give a favorable reading to journalist Dan Briody's book *The Iron Triangle: The Secret World of the Carlyle Group*. However, I must give this book a failing grade. It is a hatchet job, written from a left-liberal perspective that condemns the Carlyle Group for all the wrong reasons.

Briody's basic hostility toward Carlyle stems from the fact that it is primarily a defense business run by people with a record of supporting a muscular American foreign policy. The dust jacket and first chapter have Briody trotting out President Eisenhower's tired warning about a "military-industrial complex," and the book goes downhill from there. Carlyle struggled as an equity fund until Frank Carlucci, a secretary of defense during the Reagan administration, came on board. Carlucci initiated a series of defense-company buyouts after the Cold War, when the industry was downsizing and restructuring.

Briody does not fault the business competence of Carlyle. When the group took over the military-aircraft division of the bankrupt LTV Corporation, Briody notes, they "managed to turn the flailing company around." Carlyle was then able to sell Vought Aircraft, which had been bought for $35 million, to Northrup Grumman for $130 million. Such deals strongly imply that Carlyle trades on its performance, not just its political connections. Yet Briody finds the very idea of making money from work in the defense industry to be sinister and never misses a chance to label Carlyle "war profiteers."

A major asset of Carlyle is BDM, which was acquired from Loral in 1990. Briody describes BDM as "one of the most successful defense consultants in history." BDM had been training the Saudi Arabian National Guard since the 1970's. When Iraq invaded Kuwait, triggering the Gulf War, BDM did not send its people home, as did many other Western firms. Instead, "many of its employees fought right alongside the Saudis," which Briody finds disturbing: a clandestine use of American veterans as nominally private warriors. He also complains that two former Carlyle properties, Sears World Trade and Vinnell (once part of BDM), may have served as fronts for CIA operations. He cites no instances where these operations were not in support of American foreign-policy objectives, however.

Briody complains instead of operations that were very much advantageous to the United States. For example, he exposes Carlucci for having, in 1994, "been involved in a clandestine arms deal, this time with the Soviets." Of course, the "Soviets" no longer existed in 1994, so the deal was really with Belarus. The Defense Intelligence Agency hired BDM to acquire, through a front company, a Russian S-300 missile-defense system for study. Russia has been marketing this system to governments potentially hostile to the United States, so finding out more about its capabilities is what U.S. intelligence services are supposed to do. Again, however, Briody tries to portray this as something unseemly.

The crown jewel in Carlyle's properties is United Defense, which manufactures the M2 Bradley infantry fighting vehicle, the mainstay of the U.S. Army. In an attempt to sully this firm's reputation, Briody jumps into the controversy surrounding the cancellation of the Crusader self-propelled howitzer. He portrays the entire project as a boondoggle sustained by special-interest lobbying by the well-connected Carlyle cabal. Yet, at the heart of the Crusader issue was a very serious and ongoing debate over the future direction of the Army in both its composition and its armament.

According to Briody, the Crusader "was a gun designed to fight large scale, open field battles, the kind the United States had not fought since World War II." He apparently forgot about the Korean and Gulf Wars. Indeed, the need for the Crusader came out of the Gulf Wars. The U.S. Army wanted a mobile gun that could keep up with fast-moving

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armored columns and have a higher rate of fire than the currently deployed Paladin self-propelled gun.

The Army's continued focus on major-theater warfare ran afoul of the Clinton administration's post-Cold War view that "peacekeeping" rather than warfighting would be the future American role. Peacekeepers would only need lighter vehicles (with less firepower and armor) that could be deployed faster by air to operate in remote areas. This assumption spawned the Future Combat System (FCS) program of building combat vehicles about half the size and weight of the Crusader, whose key characteristic is the ability to fit inside a C-130 transport plane. It is questionable, however, whether the diminutive FCS could have conducted the same decisive campaign that was just conducted in Iraq, spearheaded by America's "Cold War"-inspired tanks and heavy-infantry brigades.

The Army has been justifiably concerned about whether it will have the artillery support it needs. That is why the most effective lobbying effort in Congress to keep the Crusader program alive came not from Carlyle but from the Army leadership. Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld killed the Crusader, despite his close personal ties to members of the Carlyle Group (which Briody frequently mentions in other contexts), because he favors airpower over ground troops—a bias that has left American soldiers stretched thin around the world. I have discussed this issue with top Army brass and with security experts in think tanks and Congress for many years. The dispute is over military doctrine, not business interests.

What is most damning in Briody's book is not the author's factual errors and omissions but his resort to conspiracy theories and sensationalism. He cites approvingly the ravings of then-Rep. Cynthia McKinney (D-GA), who, in the days immediately after the September 11 terrorist attacks, implied

> that the Bush administration knew the attacks were coming, allowed them to happen, and was now reaping the profits, both financial and political, through its connections to the Carlyle Group.

After all, Carlyle is a defense company, and, with the nation at war, it was bound to make money. And since former President George H.W. Bush is an advisor to Carlyle, some of that money could trickle down to his son, the current President George W. Bush! Without any shred of support other than McKinney's speech at Berkeley, Briody concludes, "in the end, McKinney received vindication . . . as enough information had emerged that indicated Bush's prior knowledge of the attacks."

Carlyle's investment in defense firms during the 1990's is easily understood. All "postwar" periods are destined to become "interwar" periods; that is how history works, claims by liberals since the end of the Seven Years War notwithstanding. All Briody has proved in this thin volume is that the Carlyle Group is run by realists and that he himself is the most boorish of liberals.

William R. Hawkins is a senior fellow at the U.S. Business and Industry Council in Washington, D.C.

Objective, Burma!

by Jeffrey Meyers

The Burma Road
by Donovan Webster
New York: Farrar, Straus & Giroux; 370 pp., $25.00

◆

The Burma campaign included some of the most charismatic and colorful soldiers of World War II: Vinegar Joe Stilwell and his X-Force, Claire Chennault and his Flying Tigers, Frank Merrill and his Marauders; the British commanders Harold Alexander, William Slim, Archibald Wavell, Claude Auchinleck, Orde Wingate and his Chindits, and Lord Louis Mountbatten, luxuriously ensconced in his headquarters in distant Ceylon; Chiang Kai-shek, Stilwell's commander and enemy; the Burmese nationalist Aung San (father of the current Burmese leader), who first supported the Japanese, belatedly joined the British in March 1945, and was assassinated by a rival political faction in 1947; the wild Naga tribesmen who served as guides, the ear-slashing Kachin Rangers, and the 60,000 slave laborers who built the Kwai railway.

The Burma campaign began in January 1942 with the Japanese invasion from Thailand in the south. Chinese troops, with Stilwell as Chiang's chief of staff, invaded from the east, along the 715-mile Burma Road from Kunming to Lashio. After their initial defeat, the Chinese retreated to China; the British, to India. Stilwell led 100 Americans, including the Burma missionary-surgeon Gordon Seagrave, on foot and without losing one man, across the Indian frontier. The Japanese controlled Burma; the Allies reorganized for an offensive.

The Flying Tigers, operating from Kunming, supported the remaining Allied troops in Burma. Stilwell supplied the Chinese and kept them in the war by flying from Assam, over the Himalayas, to Kunming. Wingate's Chindits conducted guerrilla warfare against the railroads but were also forced back to India. During the British-Chinese invasion, the Chindits landed in gliders. Wingate was later killed in an air crash. After fierce jungle fighting, the Allies captured the crucial railhead at Myitkyina and continued southward despite the monsoons. The Chinese were forced to withdraw because of Japanese advances in southern China.

In a new offensive, the Japanese advanced upon British headquarters at Imphal, near the Indian border. The Burma Road was reopened, and the first convoy reached China. Allied troops—converging from India, northern Burma, and China—had overwhelming air support. In May 1945, the Japanese, cut off from supplies and weakened by battle, malaria, and starvation, were driven back into Thailand. It is cruelly ironic that, after the Allies changed strategy and decided to attack Japan through the Pacific islands, the overland approach to Tokyo became unnecessary. The fiercely contested "Burma Road had become obsolete even as it was being opened."

A few interesting details added by Webster include the fact that some Japanese soldiers were found chained to stone buildings, left with a scanty rice ration and a bit of ammunition to face the overwhelming enemy. Japanese prisoners choked themselves to death by eating their blankets. Chinese soldiers marched with the curious bitterness of men "who expected nothing but disaster." When a badly wounded American airman parachuted into a very tall tree and could not be rescued, his crewmen drew lots to decide who would have to shoot him. Suddenly, Kachins appeared from the jungle, "felled a smaller tree against the larger

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one, and climbed one hundred feet up the 'ladder tree' to rescue the injured sergeant."

There are, nevertheless, some errors and serious misinterpretations in this book. The Irrawaddy (I have sailed on it) does not become "bone dry" in February; Gandhi rose to prominence in 1915—not 1942. And Webster, who tends to ignore the British commanders except when they oppose Stilwell, underestimates Lt. Gen. Alexander, who (after Burma) successfully led the North African campaign and the landings in Sicily and Anzio, captured Rome, conquered Italy, and became a field marshal in 1944.

Stilwell clashed with Chiang—whom he called "a stubborn, ignorant, prejudiced, conceited despot"—over the *generalissimo*'s refusal to arm his own unreliable soldiers, who might revolt, and to concentrate his forces in large groups, which he feared might be destroyed by a single Japanese attack. Webster is dead wrong in concluding that,

> For Stilwell, after nearly three years of "bickering" and "dickering," his victory over Chiang was complete. At long last, he had humiliated the generalissimo, making Chiang lose face in front of his own subordinates.

Insulting an Asian despot is not the way to victory. Chiang swallowed the toad but made certain that Stilwell—despite his intelligence, courage, and victory in battle—was relieved of his command and became a "fugitive from the Chiang gang."

By emphasizing Stilwell, Webster distorts the realities of the overwhelmingly British campaign. When Errol Flynn's film *Objective, Burma!* (1945) opened in Britain, critics attacked it for claiming that Americans in general, and Flynn in particular, were winning World War II single-handedly. At a command performance, King George VI sharply questioned Flynn about his role; and the movie, booked into 500 cinemas, had to be withdrawn from view. The best works on the war in Burma remain William Slim's *Victory in Defeat* (1956), Barbara Tuchman's *Stilwell and the American Experience in China* (1971), Bierman and Smith's life of Wingate (1999), and Ian Watt's brilliant essays about his prisoner-of-war experience on the Kwai railway, one of which was reprinted in *The Literal Imagination* (2002).

Webster includes almost no description of the Burmese landscape, towns, and people, or of the inhuman Japanese treatment of the civilian population. The fast-flowing rivers, the houses built on stilts to protect against flooding, the herds of spindly goats wandering along the road, the water buffalo immersed in mud, and the lush green mountains in the distance recall the atmosphere of Joseph Conrad's Malayan novels. Mandalay, a sprawling city in central Burma, is flat, hot, and dry. A British memorial tablet on Mandalay Hill, which has many pagodas and spectacular views, marks the bitter, costly Gurkha assault on that Japanese stronghold in March 1945. Two months later, the Burmese royal palace and the English police barracks inside the fort, surrounded by high crenellated walls and a wide moat, were destroyed by British bombers.

At Thanbyuzayat, in southeast Burma, a tidy park maintained by the British War Graves Commission emerges from a jungle setting. Here lie hundreds of English, Australian, Dutch, Indian, and Gurkha prisoners of war who died while building the Siam railway for the Japanese. Some of them were unknown soldiers, and one was posthumously awarded the Victoria Cross. Since officers had a much better chance of survival, most of the dead were young enlisted men. This military cemetery recalls Kipling's story "The Gardener," in which a grieving woman visits her lover's war grave amidst a "merciless sea of black crosses."

Jeffrey Meyers is a biographer of Hemingway, Lawrence, Conrad, Fitzgerald, Edmund Wilson, Frost, Orwell, and Maugham.

LIBERAL ARTS

DO THE RIGHT THING!

"Using your cell phone to play the lottery and browse pornography could be a market worth billions of dollars in two years, according to Juniper Research.

"But the business will develop only if regulators and mobile communications companies do the right things, the European provider of business intelligence cautioned.

"'Safety, security and child protection must be the No. 1 priority,' said Paul Skeldon, senior analyst and mobile entertainment specialist. Blocking spam is also critical as is the development of 'trustworthy and reliable payment systems' he said.

"Skeldon estimated mobile adult content sales could total $791 million in 2006, with more than half coming from video. But the big payoff will be in gambling services. That's an almost $6 billion market, with lotteries and competitions worth $2.8 billion and wagering adding another $2 billion."

—from a December 2 article by Frank Barnako on CBS.MarketWatch.com

Dissensions by an Objective Reactionary

by Paul Gottfried

Italian Carousel: Scenes of Internal Exile
by Andrei Navrozov, with photographs by Gusov
London: Peter Owen; 187 pp., $39.95

◆

Andrei Navrozov's newest book of reminiscences is intended to be the literary and photographic proof of his "internal exile." By this term, he underscores his distance from the present age, in which philistine housewives have seized control of our social and political institutions and mass culture has become increasingly degraded. In this present time of "babbling Maryanns," Navrozov has chosen a life of secluded elegance in Italy, an option that may not be open to all of us but one that it is hard to fault him for taking. As in his other prose works—for example, the autobiographical *The Gingerbread Race* and his essays as corresponding

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editor for *Chronicles* (of which this is a collection)—Navrozov uses this work to display his verbal prowess. Almost every section, devoted to his impressions of peoples and places in Italy, abounds in well-wrought phrases. Although I have never had—and perhaps never will have—the good fortune to visit Monte Argentario on the Tyrrhenian Sea, both the promontory and its inhabitants are now etched in my mind by Navrozov's descriptions. But some of the types encountered in his book, such as Fr. Peter Jacobs—a Jewish convert to Catholicism, who complements his priestly vocation by running an expensive restaurant in Trastevere and consorting with underworld financiers—seem too picaresque to be real. I shall take Navrozov's word for it that Father Jacobs is not *entirely* a creature of his imagination.

The son of prominent Russian literary critic and longtime *émigré*, Lev Navrozov, and a gifted writer in English from the time of his undergraduate years at Yale, Andrei Navrozov is thoroughly steeped in a multilingual European culture. His depictions of Italian architectural splendors and long-dead churchmen are drawn from an Old World perspective that, though presented in English, would seem utterly foreign to my American students—or, for that matter, to my academic colleagues. Reading his testimony to "internal exile," I conclude that Navrozov does not belong aesthetically or spiritually to the larger culture into which he has been thrust. Heidegger's notion of *Geworfenheit*, designed to characterize the primal human condition of being thrown into existence, springs to mind while mulling over these commentaries.

What may be most striking about Navrozov's cultural dissent is the almost totally apolitical form into which it is cast. Only toward the end of the book does he make perceptibly political remarks about dumpy housewives who have turned themselves into feminist spokeswomen, specimens of which graceless and mannish "Maryanns" are photographically included in his book. Navrozov complains, too, about the Barnumization of Europe and the European Union, which interferes with the culinary art of Venetians by denying them the right to market *germoglio*. (This word, which elsewhere in Italy refers to a bud, means for Venetians *artichoke*, called by other Italians *carciofo*.)

None of this is meant to suggest that Andrei Navrozov is not what Marxists would consider an "objective reactionary." Like conservative aesthetes of the 19th and early 20th centuries, and like his father's late friend Vladimir Nabokov, the author does not exactly breathe egalitarian vapors. Nor does he welcome the bringing of American-style global democracy to the Old World, including his ancestral land of Russia and his adopted Latin residence. The picture of the Statue of Liberty that his illustrator and drinking companion Mr. Gusov provides on page 187, beside an incongruous European background and captioned "This is the end," presumably is not intended to serve the pedagogic purpose Fox News or the New York City Board of Education, in one of its publications, would reserve for it.

Indeed, Andrei Navrozov would make a fitting addition to the "unpatriotic right" lately identified by the same David Frum who worked at Old Eli to torpedo Andrei's creation, the *Yale Literary Review*. In any case, I would never expect Navrozov to join George Will and Virginia Postrel in celebrating the "aesthetics" of consumerist America. Unlike Will and Postrel, our "internal exile" does not seem overcome by the "sensory experience" of sitting in Starbucks or of "redesigning" himself in Gold's Gym. Although Will concedes that curmudgeons used to sneer at such consumerist epiphanies,

> today thoughtful people have more appreciation of the complex prerequisites of a society that produces the abundance and honors the emancipation of choice and desire that results in supermarkets, advertising, and other things that are inextricably woven into a free society.

By contrast, Navrozov protests against a "new America" that has invaded Europe, "a place where actuary tables and shopping malls are churches, museums, and concert halls." Which vision is closer to reality is a question each reader will have to decide for himself. For those who prefer Navrozov's Nabokovesque evocations of the Italian carousel to the Will-Postrel alternative, the choice should be easy enough.

Contributing editor Paul Gottfried, a professor of humanities at Elizabethtown College in Elizabethtown, Pennsylvania, is the author, most recently, of Multiculturalism and the Politics of Guilt *(University of Missouri Press).*

Hayduke Lives!

by Clark Stooksbury

Terrorism & Tyranny
by James Bovard
New York: Palgrave Macmillan;
440 pp., $26.95

◆

It is difficult sometimes to remember the days before September 11, 2001, when George W. Bush was a decidedly ordinary President whose anemic victory the previous fall had required a month's worth of recounts and court decisions to confirm. After the terrorist attacks, President Bush's approval rating soared, and his administration sought and received vast new powers with which to confront the terrorist threat. While September 11 was portrayed as the start of a new era, it was, in fact, only the latest episode in the United States' entanglement with the Islamic world, going back at least to the Iranian hostage crisis during the Carter administration. James Bovard, a libertarian journalist, has now weighed in on President Bush's response to the attacks with *Terrorism & Tyranny*. Bovard is independent of the dominant teams in American politics. His last book, *Feeling Your Pain*, was as critical of Bill Clinton as his current one is of George W. Bush. The value of the new book lies in Bovard's attention to detail. Each chapter is devoted to a particular topic, and Bovard piles example upon example upon example, until he drives his point home.

While most of *Terrorism & Tyranny* deals with the Bush administration, it looks back briefly to the American response to terror starting in the early 1980's. One theme that emerges is the lack of accepted responsibility: When bad things happen, they are nobody's fault. Or, if someone does accept "responsibility," he escapes the consequences thereof. The terrorist attacks on U.S. military targets in Saudi Arabia exemplify this. Though former secretary of defense William Perry took nominal responsibility for these attacks, "Perry did not resign, forfeit his pay, or ceremonially commit hari-kari: he simply claimed responsibility and assumed that everyone could go their merry way."

The first "War on Terror" occurred during the presidency of Ronald Rea-

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gan. The high point was the U.S. air attack on Libya in 1986, after which President Reagan's credibility was shattered by revelations that his administration was illegally selling weapons to the regime in Iran in order to secure the release of American hostages held in Lebanon and to fund the Nicaraguan Contras. Muammar el Qaddafi may have responded to the bombing of Libya by blowing up Pan Am flight 103 over Lockerbie, Scotland, only a few days after the outgoing President bragged about how effective his administration had been in curtailing Libyan terrorism. Bovard argues that, "though Reagan spent his entire time in office warring against terrorism, far more American civilians died in terrorist attacks at the end of his reign than at the beginning."

Now, George W. Bush has gone to war against terror on a far larger scale than Reagan ever imagined. His administration sought and received new powers in spite of the federal government's failure (documented by Bovard in detail) to make effective use of the powers that it already had.

Federal agencies such as the FAA and the FBI ignored warnings of the possibility of terrorists using airplanes as missiles and even, in some cases, warnings of the threat posed by some of the September 11 hijackers themselves. One thing that should have been obvious on September 12 was the unlikelihood of that particular strategy working again. As Bovard speculates,

> the vigorous crew and passenger response to [attempted shoe bomber Richard] Reid was an indication of what might have happened on all the hijacked flights on 9/11 if airlines and citizens had not been kept blindfolded from warnings the feds were receiving—and if people had not been encouraged to acquiesce to aggression and trust government to rescue them.

The commonsense response to September 11 would have been to arm pilots, give slightly greater scrutiny to young Arab men—those traveling in groups especially—and trust passengers and flight crews to go on the offensive in the future.

Yet common sense did not carry the day. The Bush administration fought arming pilots, and, even after it was authorized by Congress to do so, the Transportation Security Administration placed bureaucratic roadblocks in the way of implementing the policy. As things stand, the only way in which the current airport-security regime might make air travel safer is if it causes potential terrorists to succumb to fits of laughter that prevent them from committing mass murder. (Bovard catalogs a multitude of airport panics induced by the stray pocketknife, dozing screeners, and similar incidents.)

The foolishness and incompetence of airport screeners has been compounded by those of the airlines. Neil Godfrey made the mistake of attempting to fly out of Philadelphia with a copy of *Hayduke Lives!* (the late Edward Abbey's sequel to *The Monkey Wrench Gang*). After suspicious screeners examined the book for almost an hour and questioned his plans, they let him pass, only to have United Airlines refuse to allow him to board. Undaunted, Godfrey booked another flight and returned with a copy of *Harry Potter and the Prisoner of Azkaban*. Once again, airport screeners spent several minutes examining the book before allowing Godfrey to pass. Once again, United personnel (muggles, no doubt) refused to let him board. (Readers attempting to pass through airport security with an issue of *Chronicles* in their possession are forewarned.)

Terrorism & Tyranny also assesses the effects of the USA PATRIOT Act, which allows for—among other things—searches of library records without notifying the holder of the library card. Admittedly, much of the rhetoric related to the act has been overheated. Sen. Russell Feingold (D-WI), the only senator to vote against the act, has stated that Americans have become "afraid to read books, terrified into silence." That, of course, is nonsense. Defenders of this provision point out that the government has been able to obtain such records in the past and that the FBI must get a court order for such a search. Still, there are legitimate reasons for concern. Bovard points out that the special Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Act (FISA) courts that oversee such searches have lower standards of probable cause and that they have turned down none of the 12,000 wiretap requests made by the FBI since 1978. Also,

> the Patriot Act FISA changes were one of the clearest examples of federal incompetence and misconduct being rewarded with greater power. In September 2000, the Justice Department notified the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Court . . . that the FBI had made at least 75 false representations to the court about wiretaps.

Toward the end of *Terrorism & Tyranny*, Bovard suggests a few ways to avoid the former without implementing the latter. Most importantly, the "U.S. government must cease attempting to micromanage the Middle East." Though one might have supposed this conclusion to have been obvious after September 11, a primary justification for the invasion of Iraq was that it would "drain the swamp" of terrorism and make peace in the Mid-

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dle East more likely. The continued attacks on Americans and frequent suicide bombings in that country, together with the crumpling of the "Road Map to Peace," serve only to strengthen Bovard's argument.

Clark Stooksbury writes from Knoxville, Tennessee.

Economics and the Catholic Ethic

by Tobias Lanz

Catholicism, Protestantism, and Capitalism
by Amintore Fanfani
Norfolk, VA: IHS Press; 192 pp., $14.95

◆

Amintore Fanfani (1908-99) was an economic historian whose scholarship focused on the origins of capitalism and questions of economic and social equity. In his early career, he was part of a broader Catholic and conservative intellectual movement that was active during the interwar years and included the English Distributists and the Southern Agrarians. Like these Anglo-American writers, Fanfani and his Italian circle were highly critical of both socialism and capitalism. They spent their careers developing critiques of, and seeking Christian alternatives to, these secular schools of political economy. While most of his peers were academics and literary men, Fanfani was deeply committed to practical politics. Later in life, he served in the Italian Parliament, as prime minister of Italy, and as president of the U.N. General Assembly.

Many scholars trace the origin of capitalism to the Reformation, but Fanfani locates it in the late Middle Ages. The social conditions of that time, characterized by increased risk, uncertainty, and cosmopolitanization, were favorable to the rise of capitalism. In Fanfani's view, however, capitalism is not unique to a given people or place. The "spirit of capitalism" is something latent in the human condition and can emerge anywhere, given the right social circumstances. It is a spirit that places individual material gratification above the good of neighbor and of community. Most significant is that the desire for individual material gain is a radical departure from precapitalist economic practices. In the Middle Ages, economics was conditioned by the teachings of the Gospel. Work was understood in relation to the Beatific Vision, the culmination of life's spiritual journey, in which every action could bring a man closer to God and Heaven. Therefore, all economic activity was moral activity. And one of the Church's main roles was to ensure that morality remained wedded to economics. Once religious restrictions on wealth and work were ignored, however, the economic sphere gradually cut its ties to Christian social teaching.

Fanfani makes a subtle and important point on the relationship between work and wealth when he addresses the difference between lawful and unlawful means of acquiring wealth. Even most non-Christians reject the idea of money-making through such unlawful means as bribery, theft, and extortion. This was not the main problem, however, with respect to the development of capitalism. For Fanfani, the autonomous development of the economic sphere depended on the unlawful use of *lawful* means, the unlimited accumulation of wealth. According to the traditional Christian ideal, wealth was simply a means of satisfying various human needs. Once these were satisfied, additional wealth was superfluous, miserly, and sinful. By contrast, modern man never has sufficient wealth. For him, money is not a means whereby to live but an end in itself. We now live to work, in order to fulfill unlimited desire.

The most effective way to increase material desire was (and is) through advertising. The scale and intensity of advertising accelerated as capitalism expanded. During the Middle Ages, such displays of bribery and enticement were prohibited as direct affronts to common decency and reason, employed explicitly to arouse passion and to promote the culture of appetite that capitalism requires to thrive. (Fanfani calls advertising the new word that has replaced the old word of the Gospel.) Capitalism finally came into its full glory when it captured the state, which once defended religious laws. Under capitalism, however, it defends economic laws. Just as the individual attained a "free conscience" with respect to work and wealth, so the state was freed from upholding religious standards. The growth of mass democracy is part of this political transformation. The masses are not interested in moral issues, only material ones. Modern democracy is nothing but a referendum on economics.

While capitalism defends the idea of a free conscience with respect to economics, Fanfani does not perceive a direct relationship between this and the Protestant idea of a free conscience in spiritual matters since, in his opinion, the compatibility between Protestantism and capitalism has more to do with the Protestant view of salvation. Early Protestants still held the medieval Catholic view of work and wealth and condemned such practices as usury and miserliness. Fanfani argues, however, that this situation changed as Protestant theology matured. The emphasis Protestants placed on salvation through faith, as opposed to the Catholic idea of salvation through both faith and works, helped to separate work from faith in a way that had already occurred during the evolution of capitalism. Thus, capitalism and Protestantism, though having different social origins, arrived at the same social conclusion: namely, that work and spirituality operated under autonomous sets of rules. The compatibility of these worldviews led eventually to the wholesale acceptance of capitalism by most Protestant sects by the 17th century.

Today, capitalism is fully accepted by most Catholics, especially in the United States. Few know that their ancestors once held radically different views. Fewer still are aware that the Catholic Church has never changed Her teachings on capitalism and has consistently issued encyclicals that underscore this fact. The Church has never condemned private property, the market, or technology, but She has condemned the *abuse* of these things. Thus, Catholics such as Llewellyn Rockwell and Michael Novak, who earn their living as capitalist apologists or use the capitalist system to enhance their wealth and power, are betraying their Faith. It is time that devout Catholics and other conservative Christians restore some sanity in the economic sphere by applying the Gospel to every aspect of their lives, including the way they earn, invest, and spend their money. A good place to begin is by reading this classic book and many others that have recently been reissued by IHS Press, which is dedicated to publishing works that defend the social teachings of the Catholic Church.

Tobias Lanz teaches politics at the University of South Carolina.

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by Samuel Francis

The Cabal Strikes Back

Ever since the exposure in the mainstream media last year of the neoconservatives as a fifth column that engineered the present boondoggle in Iraq, dragged the United States into a foreign war for the transparent benefit of Israel, and concocted what are now known to have been lies about Iraq's "weapons of mass destruction" and Saddam Hussein's "links" to the September 11 attacks on the World Trade Center, the neoconservative cabal in both the Bush administration and the press has been on the defensive. The cabal (or, at least, its major leaders in government) ought to be standing in the same dock that Alger Hiss and Julius and Ethel Rosenberg once occupied, but that outcome cannot—yet—be realized. What has been realized is the complete discrediting of "neoconservatism" as a more "humane," more "responsible," or more "credible" variety of the conservative persuasion. Whatever you might say about the flaws of the Old Right, it never placed the interests of foreign states above those of its own country, nor did it ever entice the United States into war to serve the imperial and perhaps even genocidal ambitions of such states. The discrediting of the neocons has been carried out by the "mainstream" or "establishment" and largely liberal press, even though most of what has been brought to public attention about neoconservatism was said long ago by paleoconservatives now consigned—by the victorious neocons themselves and their Old Right surrogates—to exile.

Precisely because of the exposure of the hidden neocon agenda in the establishment press, their hired guns had to return fire, and, in the September issue of *Commentary* (which remains their premier outlet), neocon gunslinger Joshua Muravchik pumped out some rather predictable rounds.

The burden of Mr. Muravchik's fire, of course, was that all the critics who denounced and exposed neoconservatives as responsible for the Iraq war are really antisemites. "Of course," because that is what neoconservatives always say about anyone, right or left, who criticizes them, Israel, or American foreign policy for being too pro-Israel—Pat Buchanan, Joe Sobran, Gore Vidal, the *Nation*, *Chronicles*, *etc.*, *etc.*, *etc.* Mr. Muravchik, however, concentrated his own fire on the left—and rightly so, since the left, now and for long the dominant force within the establishment media, is in a stronger position to harm the neocons and thwart their agenda than any part of the right, old or older. Mr. Muravchik is thus able to discover antisemitism lurking in the reflections of such apostles of progress as Elizabeth Drew writing in the *New York Review of Books*, Michael Lind in the *New Statesman*, William Pfaff in the *International Herald Tribune*, and many others, and not merely individual writers but such institutions as the *New York Times* itself, *Le Nouvel Observateur*, the "British Broadcasting Company" (*sic*), the *London Times*, the *National Journal*, the *Boston Globe*, and (by no means least) Lyndon LaRouche, "the crackpot political agitator," as Mr. Muravchik not inaccurately identifies him and with whom he does not hesitate (not so accurately) to lump the others he names. One has to wonder, reviewing this encyclopedic compendium of supposed Jew-baiters, how any Jews could remain at liberty at all in the countries where the thoughts of such pundits are received seriously.

Commenting on the emphasis several of these critics placed on the supposed connections between the neoconservatives and such figures as Leon Trotsky and Leo Strauss, Mr. Muravchik finally spies "the real reason" that lurks beneath any and every criticism of the neocons:

> There is, however, one thing that Strauss and Trotsky did have in common, and that one thing may get us closer to the real reason their names have been so readily invoked. Both were Jews. The neoconservatives, it turns out, are also in large proportion Jewish—and this, to their detractors, constitutes evidence of the ulterior motives that lurk behind the policies they espouse.

Leave aside the question of why it is permissible to search out the "ulterior motives" that supposedly drive the critics of the neocons but not at all permissible to suggest that neocons themselves may have motives of an ethnic and political character. Mr. Muravchik himself notes that "Many neoconservatives are in fact Jews" and offers a somewhat labored explanation of why this should be so in terms of "a powerful attraction to politics and particularly to the play of political ideas" on the part of Jews. Be that as it may, it is perfectly consistent with explanations of neoconservatism in terms of the supposed influence on it by Trotsky or Strauss, both of whom also exhibited the same "powerful attraction to politics" and political ideas. Of course, it is not at all self-evident that mere mention of the Jewishness of the neocons implies the presence of antisemitism, and the far more obvious reason their Jewishness is so often brought up is that it helps explain why they are so zealous in their advocacy of war against Iraq and other Arab states hostile to Israel. This is no more anti-Jewish than pointing to William Buckley's Catholicism as an explanation for his opposition to abortion is anti-Catholic.

Nevertheless, whatever fantasies of antisemitism haunt Mr. Muravchik's mind, he is on stronger ground in challenging a good many of the erroneous statements about neoconservatives that their liberal mainstream critics have uttered, including those concerning their supposed connections with Trotsky and Strauss. As I have noted in my own columns in *Chronicles* and elsewhere, Strauss is "hardly 'the main intellectual influence' on the neocons," as William Pfaff had claimed, and few neocons apart from Irving Kristol have been Trotskyites at all. Mr. Muravchik is thus able to score a point in his apologia by correctly insisting that not a few of the liberal critics of the neocons do not really know what they are talking about with regard to where the neocons come

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from intellectually and politically. That should hardly surprise us. Liberal critics of the right in general have not known what they were talking about for decades.

Yet despite being incidentally correct about some matters of fact, Mr. Muravchik's apologia for neoconservatism is less concerned with presenting a serious discussion of neoconservative ideas and recent objections to them than with lobbing vilifications at those who express such objections and reaching for any stick to beat them. Not only are the critics crypto-antisemites; they do not even know their Strauss and Trotsky. By the time the attentive reader has reached Mr. Muravchik's own blundering misunderstanding of Trotsky's doctrine of "permanent revolution," he has figured out where the rest of the article is going.

The neocons, you see, had nothing to do with starting the war in Iraq. The presence of such Jewish neoconservatives in key policymaking positions within the Bush administration as Paul Wolfowitz, Richard Perle, Douglas Feith, Elliott Abrams, and others is irrelevant, as is the presence of non-Jewish neocons in the State Department and Vice President Cheney's staff. Most of these people have nothing to do with the Middle East and most, contrary to what various critics have alleged, had nothing to do with producing a now notorious paper advocating war against Iraq for Israeli Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu—in 1996, five years before the September 11, 2001, attacks on the United States!

Mr. Muravchik's response to the last allegation is worth pondering for a moment. Most of the "Americans whose names appeared on the paper had long sought Saddam's ouster," he assures us, and, anyway, they did not write the paper.

> It was the work of a rapporteur summarizing the deliberations of a conference, and was clearly identified as such. The names affixed to it [Richard Perle, Douglas Feith, and David Wurmser (a former assistant to neocon John Bolton at the State Department and now an aide to Vice President Cheney), among others] were listed as attendees and not as endorsers, much less authors.

Of course, if the "Americans" were attendees and participants in the conference, and the report of the conference that endorsed getting rid of Saddam Hussein summarized the "deliberations of the conference," and the "Americans" had "long sought Saddam's ouster" anyway, why is it inaccurate to infer that the conference report shows that the "Americans" advising the Israeli head of state that Saddam should be ousted believed long before September 11 that Saddam should be ousted? All Mr. Muravchik's tendentious efforts at clarification, rectification, and justification are irrelevant. The fact remains that a group of mainly Jewish Americans who are neoconservatives of one kind or another and are also well known as strong supporters of Israel and of the Netanyahu-Sharon Likud party in particular have been pressing for the destruction of Saddam Hussein as being in the interest of Israel since at least 1996. Moreover, all of them were in the Bush administration at the time its war on Iraq was being developed. Why were any "Americans" advising the prime minister of a foreign state at all, and why are any of them high-ranking and influential policymaking officials of the U.S. government?

Mr. Muravchik's *apologia* for the cabal is thus riddled with inaccurate representations and a line of argument that is neither convincing nor relevant. Nevertheless, he does conclude with a fair enough point: "If any single episode exposes the fatuousness of the charge that neoconservative policies amount to Jewish special pleading, it was the 1990s war in Bosnia." That is so because most neocons then supported U.S. intervention in Bosnia out of "a distinctive neoconservative sensibility" about American power and its uses in the world. Despite a certain opacity in his description of it, that sensibility

> may consist in a greater readiness to engage American power and resources where nothing but humanitarian concerns are at issue. In larger part, however, it is concerned with national security, sharing with traditional conservatism the belief that military strength is irreplaceable and that pacifism is folly. Where it parts company with traditional conservatism is in the more contingent approach it takes to guarding that security.

It is Mr. Muravchik's conclusion, then, that it is this "sensibility," not any covert preoccupation with the interests of Israel, that explains why the neocon cabal was so intent on a U.S. war against Iraq, and, in a general sense, Mr. Muravchik is probably correct.

Why this line of argument is supposed to refute "the charge that neoconservative policies amount to Jewish special pleading" is not entirely clear. The whole point of neoconservatism, with respect to the "Jewish special pleading" that it serves (and, as I argued in a previous column here, that is by no means the only interest it serves), is that it offers "non-Jewish" reasons (to Jewish as well as non-Jewish Americans) to serve those interests. Specifically, neoconservatism serves as an ideological vehicle for a rationalization for American globalism, which does not by itself necessarily advance or protect Israel and its aspirations in the Middle East but is nonetheless a necessary precondition for doing so. That is, a globalist American foreign policy might not serve Israel, but Israel's interests cannot be served without American globalism, and it is therefore in the interests of Israel (as well as of various other groups) for the United States in the post-Cold War world to remain at least as internationalist and interventionist as it has been since 1941. What is imperative is to make sure American foreign policy is not captured by "isolationists" or advocates of what Mr. Muravchik calls "American inaction"—namely, paleoconservatives and their allies, the partisans of an "America First" policy.

What neoconservatives have done is to design an ideology—what Mr. Muravchik so delicately calls a "sensibility"—that offers ostensible and plausible rationalizations for the perpetual war in which Israel and its agents of influence in the U.S. government and media seek to embroil the United States (and which all too many American conservatives, out of a foolishly misplaced patriotism, are eager to support) without explicitly invoking the needs and interests of Israel itself. Paleoconservatives have been observing, commenting on, criticizing, and trying to expose the philosophically and morally flawed process by which this ideology was formulated for nearly two decades and, from the time that Pat Buchanan first began to call attention to Israel's "Amen Corner" in 1990, have routinely been demonized and denounced as antisemites and other bad names for doing so. It should give us no pleasure to affirm that our warnings, vilified and rejected as they were, have today been vindicated by the Middle East maelstrom into which the neoconservatives' "sensibility" has finally sunk us. c

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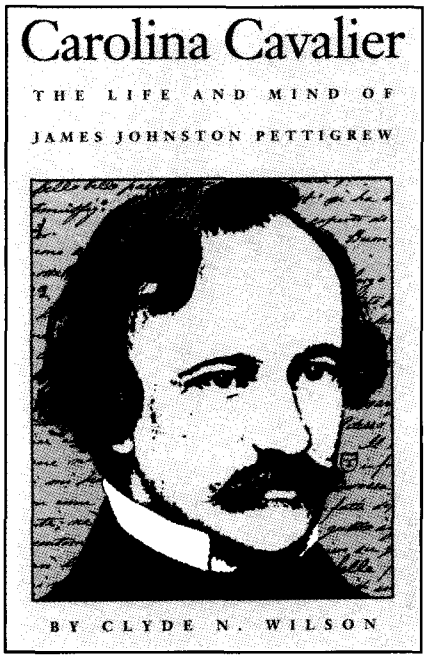

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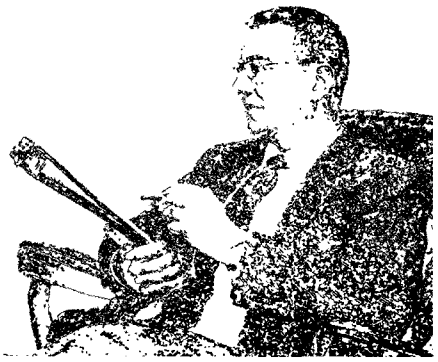
by Scott P. Richert

The Road to Hell



It's been a rough three months for St. Mary's Oratory here in Rockford. First, over Labor Day weekend, some Republican members of the Winnebago County Board, in collusion with certain Republican county officials, hatched a plan to try to include St. Mary's in the land-acquisition area for a new, $130-million county jail. When the plan was exposed, those board members and officials were reduced to claiming that they had no intention of taking the church and only wanted to put a tunnel across St. Mary's property to connect the new jail to the county's existing public-safety building. Seasoned observers of Winnebago County politics, however, suspected that the land grab was likely an attempt to take advantage of the jail construction to free up St. Mary's property now for use by the county somewhere down the road.

In any case, by the end of October, the county had settled on an alternative route for the tunnel, and life, it seemed, could return to normal for the Latin Mass Community at St. Mary's—at least, as normal as life could be at the church that some have taken to calling "St. Mary's in Chains" or "St. Mary's Between the Jails." Nothing in Winnebago County, however, is ever that simple.

Trying to derail the plans of her fellow board members, Mary Ann Aiello, along with local architect Gary Anderson, had filed a petition in September with the Rockford Historic Preservation Commission to have St. Mary's, its rectory, and its school declared a local landmark. The Diocese of Rockford, however—rightly mindful of its own prerogatives—opposed the application on the grounds that landmarking the church without diocesan consent constitutes a substantial burden on the free exercise of religion. Indeed, St. Mary's would be the first church in Rockford singled out for landmark status. (Two other churches have landmark status by virtue of their location in the Haight Village historic district, but they were not targeted for landmark status individually.)

To the diocese and the congregation at St. Mary's, the petition for landmark status is remarkably similar to the county's actions over Labor Day weekend. In neither case was the diocese or the congregation consulted about its intentions or its desires. While Rockford's historic-preservation ordinance (which Gary Anderson helped to draft) is rather mild—in fact, landmarked buildings in Rockford have actually been torn down—the diocese could not simply consent to the landmarking, for both pragmatic and principled reasons. There are approximately 125 Catholic churches in the Diocese of Rockford, which stretches from the western border of Illinois to the suburbs of Chicago. Many of them are potential landmarks under local ordinances; some of them are eligible for state and national landmark status. Not all of those statutes are as accommodating as Rockford's, and the diocese has good reason to fear that submitting to this landmark petition would undercut its ability to fight the imposition of more restrictive landmark status on churches in other towns and cities.

The Institute of Christ the King, which administers St. Mary's Oratory and celebrates the traditional Latin Mass there, joined the diocese in opposing the petition. The congregation, which had applauded Aiello's efforts to protect the church from the county, largely regarded her decision to continue with the petition, now that the threat from the county has passed, as meddlesome. While Aiello is a Catholic, she is not a member of the congregation at St. Mary's, nor has she contributed to the church's maintenance and renovation over the past six years.

The core issue, of course, remains the free exercise of religion, an issue on which Bishop Thomas Doran has rightly said that he cannot compromise. He has reluctantly decided that, if landmark status is granted, he will close St. Mary's. Since he personally invited the Institute of Christ the King to administer St. Mary's six years ago in order to keep the church open, and since he reaffirmed his commitment to St. Mary's a year ago by elevating it to the status of an oratory, this has clearly not been an easy decision. The bishop has stated, however, that the Latin Mass will continue in Rockford if the city's actions force him to close St. Mary's: He will move the Institute and the Latin Mass Community to a different facility. The diocese would prefer, though, to defeat the landmarking petition and to keep the Latin Mass at St. Mary's. Unfortunately, on December 9, the diocese lost the first stage of the battle, when the Historic Preservation Commission rejected the free-exercise argument and voted to grant landmark status. The petition now goes to the Codes and Regulations Committee of the Rockford City Council, which will likely approve it, before being sent to the council as a whole. How the council will vote is anyone's guess.

The world of "traditionalist" Catholicism is an unduly complicated one, and not a few partisans of the traditional Latin Mass like to engage in self-fulfilling prophecies about the "perfidy" of Catholic bishops. One such commentator, "Fr. Moderator" of the *Traditio.com* website, has taken upon himself the task of calumniating Bishop Doran by declaring, against all evidence, that the bishop's true intent is to end the Latin Mass in Rockford. Never mind that the bishop could do that at any time by simply withdrawing permission to say the Latin Mass; never mind that he has, instead, recently granted that permission to at least two diocesan priests, in addition to the priests of the Institute of Christ the King; never mind that he has used diocesan funds to underwrite the maintenance and renovation of St. Mary's when the Latin Mass Community could not afford to do so. "Fr. Moderator"—a man named M.E. Morrison of Hayward, California, who claims to be an "independent" Catholic priest (an oxymoron if ever there was one) and who, according to reports, may not even be validly ordained—knows better than those of us here in the congregation at St. Mary's Oratory. If this be the state of "traditionalist" Catholicism today, then *Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis*.

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by Andrei Navrozov

Seduced and Abandoned

I was reared in a cultural microcosm that undervalued experience. More than that, it treated experience as a kind of monstrous blemish upon the face of thought, a defect that was deemed the more unfortunate for being the more noteworthy, unexpected, or rare. It was as though the threadbare commonness of climbing the Himalayas, or roaming the world as a hired assassin, or sleeping with seven women at once was more glaring than that of shopping for bread and milk. Experiences alleged to be more substantive or adventurous, went the implicit argument, were more illusory and, hence, distracting, polluting, and generally unsuited to the mind. And the abiding aim was cultivation of the mind.

Russian culture, ever echoing what, in English culture, had been William Blake's command to see Heaven in a grain of sand, chimed in with this. Our writers did travel far and wide; they did fight in wars; they had bizarre love affairs and lost fortunes at cards; but, just as Russia never produced a school of formal philosophy, she never produced the intellectual type of Hemingway, T.E. Lawrence, or Somerset Maugham—wise to the world, allegedly, and proud of it. Our writers "wanted to travel," in Andrei Platonov's phrase, "into the depths of man." *Not* to Arabia.

In retrospect, I cannot but appreciate the inverted cynicism of that approach to reality. I cannot but admire my parents and their circle of Moscow friends for having isolated me so effectively, throughout the whole of my youth, from action, and solely by means of an education in the pleasures of contemplation. The *vita contemplativa* was the sum total of their own lives, and, all along, I had been able to feel that their solicitude was not hypocrisy but the increasingly scarce product of a unique and absorbing, though quite possibly moribund, cultural tradition.

And so it went on in my own life and travels—this obstinate, indiscriminate, and anachronistic denial of experience at all costs. So long as the joys of the *vita contemplativa* are unceasing, I kept on thinking, I consent to regard the physical world around me as a medieval cloister. Well, not quite, perhaps, but then again, anyone who reads Augustine's *Confessions* or listens to Orff's *Carmina Burana* knows that monasteries were not merely repositories for the Sid Sawyer personalities of their day. Still, during my first ten years in the United States, I never once visited Europe, and, during my subsequent 15 years in Britain, I never once ventured beyond the European continent. That's a quarter-century of stubborn self-confinement to an intellectual ideal.

The Russian emigré grandmother of an erstwhile friend of mine, a Hohenlohe by birth, refused to come out of her house in Rio de Janeiro to look at *Sputnik*, which everybody said could be seen in the midnight sky: "It's a Soviet provocation," said the princess. At the American university I attended, I was drawn to the study of Gnostic writers, and even to the Coptic language in which they raged against the world, for the simple reason that I had glimpsed an intriguing Russianness in the totality of their denial. They went further, of course, because, to them, not only all experience of the material world, but its very source, matter itself, was of the Devil.

Having grown up under totalitarianism, I could see their wisdom; for, if everything around you is the work of a malevolent demiurge, can you really gamble on a single atom as the source of joy for your immortal soul? On the other hand, I was no longer living under totalitarianism, or so it seemed; and, if matter was free and governed by its own laws, including those of physics, then perhaps the girl next to me was truly my beloved, the sunset I was admiring in her company was real, and the taste of the veal chop with wild mushrooms at the inn on the Vermont border was not, in the end, a Soviet provocation.

Thus I smoked but didn't inhale. Matter, our source of experience, might not be evil, but relying overmuch on the value of experience was contraindicated to the man who wanted to save his soul and be truly free. All action is provocation. Certainly, I reasoned, there must exist an ethical fissure between good and bad actions, but it is since time immemorial shrouded in moral mist and, more important, dwarfed to nothingness by the much wider chasm that separates action from contemplation.

It was into this chasm that I fell one night ten years ago in London, when I walked through the doors of a seedy gambling club and looked into the mesmeric whorl of the spinning wheel. It was—and, in the context, I cannot possibly think of a word more laden with meaning—an *experience*. It was as though all the pent-up thirsts of a puritanical past stirred to life within a parched soul, and I felt like the old spinster who, never having tasted liquor before, liked it so much that she drank a whole bottle of brandy and died of alcohol poisoning later that evening.

The revelation was, as revelations so often are, a blinding paradox. A life of contemplation teaches one many things; yet it is only when one is drawn, perhaps unwittingly, unwillingly, or by pure chance, into action, that one realizes that what these things add up to is an understanding of the world one has spent a lifetime contemplating, *not* of oneself. And, quite probably, a life of action is likely to spin out the selfsame paradox in reverse; so that an experienced, decisive, resourceful man of the world will be deeply conscious of his own weaknesses and strengths, of his own cowardice and bravery, but will then travel to Spain to fight on the wrong side, write a panegyric to Stalin, or lose his money on Wall Street.

Next month, I'll tell you exactly what happened to me that night. c

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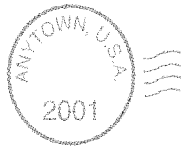

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Letter From Alabama

by Michael Hill

Lessons from Montgomery

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At 11:30 A.M. (CST) on Thursday, November 13, 2003, Roy Moore, chief justice of the Alabama Supreme Court, was removed from office, and the will of the people of the sovereign state of Alabama was thwarted by a unanimous vote of the nine-member panel of the Court of Judicial Ethics. In deciding *Glassroth* v. *Moore*, the panel charged Moore with violating the canons of judicial ethics by willfully and publicly defying a federal court order to remove his Ten Commandments monument from the rotunda of the Alabama Judicial Building. Alabama Attorney General Bill Pryor, a Bush nominee for a federal judgeship on the 11th Circuit Court, served as chief prosecutor against Moore.

The proceedings of November 13 have their immediate roots in Moore's refusal to obey the federal court order of Judge Myron Thompson issued in August 2003. Thompson ruled that the monument violated the constitutional provision of the separation of Church and state. Thompson gave Moore until 5:00 P.M. on Wednesday, August 20, to remove the monument. Moore refused, noting that the issue in question was not the Ten Commandments themselves but whether the state of Alabama, representing her citizens, could acknowledge God. Who rules Alabama, the people of the state or the federal courts?

The League of the South was one of several organizations to hold a rally in Montgomery on the deadline day in support of Judge Moore. When our rally ended about 4:30 P.M., I joined some 75 other League members, Alabama and Confederate flags in hand, who were making their way from the steps of the State Capitol in Montgomery down Dexter Avenue to the Judicial Building. The mid-August heat and humidity in central Alabama were oppressive. Rumors were flying that Judge Thompson had ordered federal marshals to remove the 5,300-pound monument shortly after the 5:00 P.M. deadline, and we planned to do what we could to prevent such an attempt.

When League of the South members reached the Judicial Building near the deadline for the monument's removal, all of us were dressed quite plainly, most in our standard red shirts and casual slacks or jeans, like men who expected to get their hands dirty with some important work. We did not seek out the media for interviews. We were not there for photo ops. We were there to support Judge Moore and, if necessary, to block anyone from moving the monument.

By contrast, the professional conservative and Christian leaders were dressed to the nines and were energetically grabbing the nearest microphone and preening for the closest camera. One of these men approached us as we ascended the steps and asked us to have "our people" put away their Alabama and Confederate flags and placards because they might "muddy the message." What he meant was that the conservative Christian leaders did not want their fundraising photos marred by any Southern symbols. Nor did they wish to contend with our states' rights argument. In fact, they seemed to prefer quoting Martin Luther King, Jr., to Thomas Jefferson or John C. Calhoun. One "Christian" from faraway Ohio berated us for having a "Klan flag," which actually was the Alabama State Flag (a red St. Andrew's cross on a white field). I suppose he is the fruit of public education.

We refused to comply and were later told by the director of the Christian Defense Coalition, the Rev. Patrick Mahoney (a New Jersey native who has, in the past, allied himself with some suspicious characters on the left), that, because his group had a demonstration permit for the area in front of the Judicial Building, he would have the Montgomery Police Department clear us out if we did not obey his *diktat*. Undeterred, our folks stayed on with flags flying, and the threat against us was never carried out. We left a couple of hours later when one of Judge Moore's legal advisors (a League member) informed us that the feds were not going to try to move the monument that day.

These leaders revealed to us that they had already negotiated with state law-enforcement authorities the terms under which about two dozen of their "little people" would be arrested and released. I suppose they thought this would impress us, but it did not. It did, however, point out two important things: First, such orchestrated "opposition" was, indeed, a photo op for future fundraising efforts; second, none of the leaders themselves would be arrested. They were "fighting for Jesus on the cheap," as one of my fellow League members put it. These men were not in Montgomery to risk their lives for principle. They were there to grab a microphone and to have others arrested for the well-being and preservation of their professional organizations. Unfortunately, many of these professional folks from outside Alabama (and the South) have wormed their way into Judge Moore's camp. They will not be around very long, however, because they simply do not understand the wide chasm between the American nationalism they champion and the states'-rights issue for which Judge Moore stands.

Alabamians have once again been betrayed by both outsiders and their own elected officials, especially the GOP establishment. Though the press has refused to report it, Karl Rove—and, thus, the Bush White House—has consistently supported those who have opposed Judge Moore, especially Alabama Attorney General Bill Pryor and Moore's 2000 Republican primary opponent for chief justice, Harold See. It is not a stretch to say that much of the campaign against Judge Moore has come directly from the White House. Also, Republican Gov. Bob Riley has consistently refused to stand by Judge Moore during the Ten Commandments controversy. Similarly, Attorney General Pryor and the eight Alabama Supreme Court associate justices abandoned Moore and entered into negotiations with the federal leviathan, Judge Thompson, to keep the state from incurring fines and other punishment for violating a court order.

From August 20 until Moore was removed from office, the elected officials of the sovereign state of Alabama had a rare opportunity to show some pluck and grit. They blew it. Here is what our craven civil magistrates might have said in defense of the people of Alabama: "Tell the federal judge to go to Hell. Alabama is a sovereign state, and federal edicts of this sort

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have no force within our borders. We understand the Principles of '98—nullification and interposition—and we shall invoke them. The state will pay not one penny in tribute. We shall call out the state troopers, the Alabama State Guard, and the state militia. We shall withhold all tax revenues from the IRS and remove all federal flags from state property (which ought to be done as a matter of course anyhow). And, finally, we shall tell the federal tyrants that they are welcome to come and to try to take Judge Moore and the monument. We will be waiting for them at the state line." (Well, it did make a good daydream.)

Our public officials are much too timid and housebroken to pursue this or any other principled plan of action. Unfortunately, the good people of Alabama cannot recall them from office. But they have shamed those officials (if that is possible) and pestered them incessantly with phone calls, e-mails, and faxes, and the people down here are counting the days until the next election. Moreover, many radio talk-show hosts and their guests and callers are beginning to have some serious discussions about the Principles of '98, states' rights, the Tenth Amendment, and even secession. And before the month of November is out, God willing, there will be some big news coming out of Roy Moore's camp.

The crown of victory will never grace the brows of hypocrites and compromisers. Paleoconservative traditionalists should never again waste their time and energy in any cause espoused by this gaggle of national "conservative Christian" leaders and mainstream politicians. They are either grandstanders or time-serving hacks who never really intend to accomplish anything of value. The perpetuation of their power and position is their real goal. They will do nothing to oppose the unconstitutional American Empire because they are its biggest cheerleaders. It is not God they turn to to save America, but George W. Bush. Their only effect is to siphon off the attention, energy, and money of the grassroots and deceive them into thinking that something worthwhile is being accomplished. The best thing real conservatives can do is to cut loose from these people altogether and to take their misled rank-and-file with us. They can and must be made to see that their leaders are the dead past and that we are the future of any true conservative movement on these shores.

Old wineskins cannot hold new wine. By God's grace, we are the new wine. All those old wineskins used by the professional "conservative Christian" leaders—the-Pledge-of-Allegiance, hypernationalistic, God-Bless-America, Old-Glory-Waving, John-Ashcroft-loving, let's-bomb-the-bastards-back-into-the-stone-age, neocon-enabling superpatriots with their mass rallies; their safe, guaranteed-beforehand-to-be-ineffectual-and-riskless protests; their nonconfrontational "confrontations"; their slick and respectable professionalism; and their feckless gestures of serving principle—we must discard forever. Instead, we must fight as the outnumbered have always fought: by leveraging our limited strength on the margin. We must fight for clearly defined goals and principles, not ill-defined and misleading generalities borrowed from the French Revolution; and, even if we lose, we win by having fought.

Roy Moore has given us a focal point in Alabama, and it is the issue of states' rights *versus* the tyranny of the federal courts. As *Chronicles* has rightly pointed out, conservatism as a movement has been kidnapped and pierced through the heart by a new class of leaders who seek respectability rather than a real fight with the left. If a stand is to be made in defense of the principles and traditions of the old American republic and of Western Christian civilization itself, it will have to be made by the sort of folks who read *Chronicles* and who join such organizations as the League of the South.

Michael Hill is the president of the League of the South.

Letter From St. Petersburg

by Curtis Cate

Monumental in Everything

◆

I have before me, as I write these lines, a handsome white envelope, marked in pale-blue characters with the six-pronged, anchor-fish-hook-crown emblem of this once imperial and still maritime city, which was offered to me by a friend as I was leaving St. Petersburg. Inside, against an elegant dark-blue background illuminated by six colored pictures of various city landmarks and the dates 1703 and 2003, I was informed that this was a *pamyatnoye svidyetelstvo*—a "commemorative testimonial," thanking me for having sojourned in the city during the "year of its 300-year-old jubilee." Today, I cannot contemplate this touching testimonial without an ironic smile—given the extraordinary difficulties I encountered in visiting Russia as a self-reliant individual rather than as a docile member of a tourist group.

Incredible as it may sound more than a decade after the collapse of the Soviet Union, no foreigner can visit Russia today without being formally invited by some specific institution or accredited tourist agency. In October 2002, I rashly thought I had solved this problem when I volunteered to join a group of Parisians whom a Russian guitarist was recruiting to accompany him to St. Petersburg in mid-February, when the temperature often drops to 20 or 25 degrees (centigrade) below zero. A couple of weeks later, however, the cold-footed "group" disintegrated, and I was left to fend for myself. In despair, I appealed to a Swedish friend, the widow of a Russian merchant-marine captain, who had left her native Stockholm to study Russian at the Alexander Herzen University in St. Petersburg. Yes, she could arrange the tourist invitation and have me occupy an empty bedroom in an apartment inhabited by a Swedish schoolfriend.

The apartment my benefactress had found for me was located on the Zagorodny (literally, "suburban") Prospekt—a long, nondescript avenue leading in a southwesterly direction from the Vladimir Mother of God Icon Church, whose golden domes Fyodor Dostoyevsky could almost see from his nearby corner-house apartment, past Russia's oldest railway station, the Vityebsky Vokzal, to the massive redbrick building that now houses the city's Technical Institute. A "*prospekt*" (there are about a dozen of them in St. Petersburg) was the optimistic word that Peter the Great and his imperial successors coined for a series of long, broad avenues, which were supposed to offer their *telega*-, *droshky*-, or *calash*-borne inhabitants a splendid view—if not of the Neva estuary, which surrounds central St. Petersburg on three sides, at least of the once-wooded hinterland east and south of the city.

The proximity of my humble lodgings to the Kuznetskaya *ulitsa* (the Street of Blacksmiths), where Dostoyevsky spent

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the final years of his life writing *The Brothers Karamazov*, turned out to be symbolically appropriate. If ever there was a dingy, run-down house up whose worn granite steps and past whose peeling walls one had to climb to reach the topmost floor, as Raskolnikov once did, it was surely this one. Inside the apartment, nothing functioned properly—beginning with a bedroom key for a possibly never-used lock; two flimsily transparent curtains that could not be drawn more than halfway across the metal railing, and which consequently admitted rather than excluded the brightness of the summer nights for which St. Petersburg is so famous; a gas-operated water heater in the bathroom, which broke down during my stay, along with a leak in a corroded pipe; not to mention a lack of kitchen utensils so acute that I had to buy a new saucepan, a corkscrew, and six glasses. (My Swedish "hostess" and her Russian boyfriend had, for months before my arrival, been drinking out of paper cups!)

It is, of course, stupid to assume that what one happens to encounter in a specific foreign locality is necessarily typical of what is to be found elsewhere. Landlords or landladies who are forced to rent out the apartments they are lucky enough to own in order to augment their incomes are not likely to be rich, and this was clearly the case of the spidery, black-clad lady I saw the day she came to examine the leaking pipe. From what I heard from others and actually saw with my own eyes, however, this rented apartment on the Zagorodny Prospekt was hardly an exception. Indeed, shortly after my return to Paris in late May, an enterprising BBC reporter who wanted to show how less fortunate Peterburgers were actually living—next to the glittering façade of the Nevsky Prospekt, then strictly cordoned off and policed for the arrival of some 40 chiefs of state and retinues of accompanying VIP's—took his TV-viewers inside a house whose staircase walls were so alarmingly fissured that a tenant had with difficulty survived a catastrophic drop when the tub in which he was bathing had suddenly burst through the bathroom floor into the apartment below.

One thing in particular surprised me even before I climbed the stone steps to "our" apartment: the untidy state of the mostly earth-covered inner courtyard. A typical St. Petersburg street—the same is true of Moscow—is composed of "houses" (*Dom*—the word used in private addresses), each of which contains at least one inner courtyard. Many of these houses do not possess front doors or gates but only a tunnel-like entrance open to the four winds, allowing anyone who is curious to wander around inside. What you are likely to discover are a few unwashed automobiles in various degrees of decrepitude, which the fortunate owners are happy to park in the available space. Still a minority in a country where an ordinary doctor or schoolteacher earns no more than a simple policeman (3,500 rubles, or slightly more than $100 per month), they at present have ample room to park their vehicle inside the courtyard where they live. St. Petersburg is thus spared the acute *Lebensraum* problems that plague so many Western European cities, where motorists have to park their cars along and even over sidewalks, thus seriously congesting sluggish traffic. Car owners here race at high speed along relatively unencumbered and impressively wide thoroughfares. Traffic policemen are almost nonexistent—except on the fashionable Nevsky Prospekt—but traffic lights tend to be respected. "The reason," a Petersburger explained to me happily, "is that those still driving are experienced drivers. The others perished long ago."

My second surprise was the extent to which the inhabitants of St. Petersburg have in recent years become not simply "Westernized" but, more specifically, Americanized. Blue jeans—quaintly advertised in cheap clothes-shop windows with Cyrillic letters as *djins*—are everywhere to be seen: easily assimilated in a once Bolshevized country where "shock workers" and others were encouraged to wear blue-denim shirts and trousers to emphasize their proletarian loyalty to the new socialist order of society. The flat factory caps of yesterday have, by and large, been replaced with baseball caps; and the bare midriffs and navels casually displayed by boldly "up-to-date" girls were almost as numerous as those I now see on the streets of London or Paris.

"Hi-fi" and video shops, computer centers, and internet cafés have mushroomed everywhere. Almost as ubiquitous are food shops marked "24," which, like those of New York City, operate round the clock.

Nowhere, however, has the Americanization of St. Petersburg triumphed more insidiously than in the realm of sound. It is virtually impossible today to find a restaurant, from the humblest to the most expensive, that is not deafened by big-beat or rock-'n'-roll rhythms. This kind of music has become the programmatic symbol, the sonic badge of one's "modernity." Any request that the volume be turned down tends to be met with incredulity and a refusal.

My primary purpose in coming to St. Petersburg was to visit the city's rich treasure of museums, beginning with the most famous of them all: the deceptively named Hermitage Museum, which is, in reality, the back, northern, and Neva-facing side of the dazzlingly baroque, green-and-white-hued Winter Palace, which faces southward, across a huge square—everything in St. Petersburg is monumental, including spatial distance—and the curving, crescent-moon-shaped buildings that once housed the imperial general staff.

It did not take me long to discover that the best time to visit this gigantic museum is around 11 A.M.—one hour after the official opening—by which time the two queues lining up outside the main entrance have disappeared, thanks to a convenient multitude of counters and cashiers, who sell tickets to Russian citizens and foreign students residing in Russia for a nominal fee of 15 rubles, whereas foreigners are obliged to pay 350 rubles (slightly more than $11) for admission. Although I heard some criticism of this notable disparity, I think it quite justified in view of the costs involved in dusting, cleaning, and polishing hundreds of halls, corridors, and chambers, each of which has to be supervised by a feminine watchdog (male wardens are rare), most of whom have to survive on a meager wage of 2,000 rubles (roughly $65) per month.

This is not the place to list all the marvels I was able to admire during a marathon visit lasting more than five hours. For two things in particular, however, I think that this huge museum deserves to be commended: first, for the effort made to fill as many halls as possible with furniture at least resembling what those palatial chambers once contained; second, for the care taken to indicate on so many identifying cards from just whose collection this or that painting was acquired.

Small painter-and-subject identification cards cannot, of course, explain just how Catherine the Great was able to accumulate so many treasures for her "private" Hermitage apartments. Few Americans—or, for that matter, Europeans—realize that the person most responsible for this extraordinary accumulation of riches was the French philosopher

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Diderot. Aside from being a remarkable writer—*Le neveu de Rameau* and *Jacques le fataliste* are among the most scintillating philosophical dialogues ever written—Diderot was one of the authors of Europe's first great encyclopedia.

In 1765, Elizabeth's even more francophilic successor, Empress Catherine, heard that an impoverished Diderot wanted to sell his library to finance his daughter's education. She promptly arranged to buy it, while magnanimously allowing the philosopher to remain the owner of his precious books during his lifetime. This was the beginning of an extraordinary friendship, perhaps unique in the entire history of philosophy. On Diderot's recommendation, French sculptor Etienne Falconet was invited to St. Petersburg, where, aided by a French colleague and two Russian sculptors, he spent ten years fashioning the magnificent bronze statue of Peter the Great, seated astride a rearing horse with an imperious finger pointed toward the Gulf of Finland and the West, that can now be admired on the grounds of the vast Admiralty building, with its distinctive gilt steeple.

It was Diderot, in effect acting as an artistic scout, who launched Catherine on her astounding shopping spree by advising her to buy up the paintings of two Paris collectors, Jean-Louis Gaignat and Louis-Antoine Crozat, as well as those of celebrated salon hostess Marie-Thérèse Geoffrin. He was even invited to come to St. Petersburg in 1773 for a private cram session for the empress in judicious government and administration. The result was a fascinating mismeeting of noble minds between the "liberal" French advocate of constitutional government and the autocratic ruler of all the Russias.

Diderot's was not the only extraordinary French library that the voracious Catherine, and, thus, St. Petersburg, managed to acquire. When, in 1778, Voltaire finally died, spurned by the Church hierarchy in France, who refused him a normal Catholic burial, the empress arranged to buy the library that he had accumulated in his country house at Ferney, near Geneva. The offer was not altogether philanthropic: When the 7,000 volumes finally reached the port of Kronstadt, in the Gulf of Finland, Catherine was dismayed to discover that missing from the collection was Voltaire's correspondence, including many letters she had personally written to her French "informant" and philosophical "mentor."

Still, Voltaire's books were a precious catch for an empress who liked to boast that, in artistic matters, she was "not a mere amateur but a glutton." The finest were given pride of place in a vaulted alcove library in the Winter Palace, also graced by Houdon's marble sculpture of the impishly smiling, seated sage. Last June, all of these priceless books, many carrying the French philosopher's sarcastic comments in the margins, were exhumed from their well-protected obscurity underground, where they had been saved, like so much else, from the monstrous destructions of the 900-day siege of Leningrad (1941-43). They can now be seen and even examined, at least by Russian and foreign scholars, in a newly created Voltaire Center, located in the imposing mauve-and-white-striped palace on the Nevsky Prospekt, where are stored the many treasures of Russia's National Library.

Unlike Voltaire—who was asked to write what turned out to be a highly fanciful account of Peter the Great's Herculean efforts to construct a brand-new capital, without bothering to emphasize the city's most formidable enemy (seawater and marshes)—French aristocrat Astolphe de Custine, who spent several months in St. Petersburg in 1839, soberly noted that here the "waters undo each night what is built during the day."

Dostoyevsky, who, though born in Moscow, spent most of his life in St. Petersburg, once called it (in *The Adolescent*) the "most fantastic city in the world." In many ways, it has so remained, notwithstanding the blemishes that began to appear in the 19th century. It is still the only capital or ex-capital in Europe to have been laid out and developed from the start according to an urban plan. It thus became what Versailles (which never became a capital) was intended by Louis XIV and his architects to be and what certain American cities—notably New York, Washington, Savannah—actually became.

Custine, in this respect a typical specimen of French moderation, felt overpowered by the monumental size of St. Petersburg's edifices and what he regarded as the exaggerated dimensions of its squares. His criticism might have been well taken had Peter the Great and his successors chosen to make St. Petersburg a soberly gray or white city, like Paris. Instead, with the active cooperation of a number of Italian architects—beginning with Francesco Rastrelli, the son of a Florentine sculptor—they created a flamboyantly polychrome city which, by the start of the 19th century, was being hailed—by John Quincy Adams (who twice served here as American minister), among others—as the most magnificent city in Europe and one of the architectural wonders of the world.

This uninhibited polychromatic exuberance—façades displaying everything from bright daffodil-yellow to butterscotch or caramel ochre, from bright apple or pistachio green to tender rose, tangerine, orange, or dark blood-red—imbues central St. Petersburg with an architectural vitality surpassing everything to be seen elsewhere, even in Italy.

Because he had actually lived and worked in Holland, Peter desired to make his new capital another Amsterdam. The Dutch name he gave to "Sankt-Piterburkh" has survived to this day in the contracted form of "Piter," regularly used by Petersburgers when they talk to one another. Later, however, the name was Germanized by Peter's two leading successors—empresses Elizabeth and Catherine. What finally emerged, however, was neither Dutch nor German. Thanks to a love of monumental grandeur and, above all, to bridges spanning two vaguely concentric "rivers" (in fact, canals)—the humble Moika (meaning "washing" in Russian) and the broader, more rectilinear Fontanka, with, serpentining be-

LIBERAL ARTS

FEMINISM IS BROAD

"Alix Olson says that the idea of the angry activist has got to be a farce.

"One [of her poems], 'Womyn Before,' begins with images of her as a child clinging to her mother's leg at a workers' rights rally in her native Bethlehem, Penn. Invoking the spirits of historic forward-thinking women (Angela Davis and Gertrude Stein among them), she lays out the legacy that empowers her. The poem rails on unions, guns, corporations, asbestos and more. The word 'tampon' does come up, but the overall message transcends the man-hating menstrual cycle so often associated with the f-word—feminism, that is. 'So in this Hallmark Hub of a century,' the last verse concludes, 'with its sugar cookie cutter white boy fame / I will not be afraid of being called the same names / As the womyn before me.'"

—*from a feature by Cristina Diettinger in* Gambit Weekly

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tween them, the canal that now bears the proud name of Griboyedov (Russia's first significant playwright)—St. Petersburg, despite the rundown condition of many of its façades, offers aquatic vistas as breathtakingly beautiful as anything to be seen in Venice.

Among the many palaces and stately edifices that were, if not completely restored (a ruinously expensive task), at least splendidly repainted for the tricentennial celebrations of last May, I must single out the magnificent townhouse that Rastrelli, the designer of Empress Elizabeth's Winter Palace, had built for the influential members of the Stroganov family on the corner of the Nevsky Prospekt and the quaint Moika River. Originally green, it was recently repainted a delicate rose hue, more likely to attract the lunchers and diners who care to frequent the spacious buffet that now occupies a good part of the palace's ground floor.

If I have a soft spot in my heart—or, should I say, in my stomach?—for this splendid palazzo, it is because of the legendary largesse of its most celebrated inhabitant, Count Grigori Alexandrovich Stroganov, a distinguished gourmet known to chefs all over the world as the promoter of a kind of beef stew named in his honor. The extravagant epitome of Russian hospitality, this eccentric host used to hoist a flag over his palace to indicate that his would be a delightfully "open house" for anyone wishing to drop in for supper that evening. Foreign visitors, and particularly fastidious Frenchmen, would be amazed to walk into a banquet hall with *couverts* laid for a hundred diners, though the number of self-invited guests who had made the most of this opportunity might not exceed a dozen.

No one who lives in St. Petersburg for any length of time can fail to be amazed by another quaint custom born not of aristocratic largesse but of the indigence of poverty. The number of cars equipped with a luminous rooftop marker indicating that they are professional taxis is infinitesimal compared with the number of amateur motorists who are prepared to pick up a waving pedestrian. Many are the wretchedly paid engineers, schoolteachers, or doctors who, on their way home from work, are happy to pick up a "client" and to drive him or her to the indicated destination in return for a few rubles obtained through haggling. No less surprising for a foreigner, but typically Russian, is the conclusion of the "deal," when the "client," instead of installing himself behind, opens the front door and sits next to the driver.

The holder of an M.A. degree from the Ecole des Langues Orientales in Paris, Curtis Cate is the author of four biographies—the first of which, devoted to French author-aviator Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, was recently published in Moscow in an unauthorized Russian translation.

Letter From East Tennessee

by John J. Duncan, Jr.

In Praise of Accents

A few years ago, sitting on the floor of the U.S. House with my friend Rep. Jim Walsh of Syracuse, I said of the member who was speaking: "Curt's dyed his hair."

Jim looked at me, very seriously, and said: "Curt's dad is here?"

People who grew up in East Tennessee, as I did, are accustomed to being teased about our accents.

I sometimes say, when speaking to groups from around the nation, that I come from the only part of the United States where the people speak without any accent. I say this in jest, but it actually has some truth to it.

Many years ago, on an elevator in Washington, a woman heard my father speaking with my younger sister. She said, "You must be from Eastern Tennessee or Western North Carolina." (Natives of Tennessee always say "East," never "Eastern," Tennessee).

Dad replied: "We are. How did you know?"

The woman explained that she was a college professor who specialized in American dialects and that those were the only two places where the people still spoke "authentic Chaucer English."

Years later, I heard a talk in Knoxville by another professor who said that the tone, dialect, and inflection of native East Tennesseans was the closest to what some called the King's English, the English of Shakespeare. Yet those of us from East Tennessee have been teased so much that some have grown up with unjustified inferiority complexes about our accents.

When I was a student at the University of Tennessee, I heard some of my former high-school classmates talking in fake Northern accents, which sounded slightly ridiculous.

My own daughter was embarrassed when a friend of hers told her that a female speech professor at the University of Tennessee had made fun of my accent. My daughter said, "Dad, how do you spell Washington?" I replied: "W-o-r-s-h-i-n-g-t-o-n."

A few months later, while attending a family reunion in rural Scott County, Tennessee, 70 miles north of Knoxville, my children and I drove by a car wash in Oneida whose sign read "W-A-R-S-H H-O-U-S-E." Since I had spent some of my early years at my grandparents' small farm in that county, I told my children: "Now you see where I got part of my accent."

When people make fun of me, I usually joke right back. A couple of years ago, I went to an Orioles game in Baltimore. At the concession stand, I ordered a hot dog and coke. The man working there immediately said "Where are you from?" in a tone that suggested I had said something wrong.

I replied, "Well, I'm from Tennessee, but, with my accent, you probably thought I was from New York or Connecticut."

I occasionally get asked if I am from Texas. Many Texans have Tennessee ancestors, and we sometimes say that, if there had not been a Tennessee, there never would have been a Texas. (But my Dad would add that, if there had been a back door at the Alamo, there might still not be a Texas.)

The small town of Vonore and its surrounding area in my district have become very popular places to retire. Most of the retirees are from "up north" and pronounce *Vonore* very differently from the natives. The mayor of Vonore once told me that two recently retired men were sitting in a Hardees discussing the name of the town. They called over a woman who worked there, and one of the men asked, "Would you pronounce for us, very slowly, the name of the place we're at?" The woman said, very slowly, "HAR—DEES."

A reporter for USA *Today* called me a few years ago and asked if anyone teased me about my "Southern" accent. I told her I didn't have a Southern accent. She insisted that I did, because she wanted

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to get some material for her story. I told her that I had an East Tennessee accent, which is something very distinct and different from a Southern accent.

Yet, as our nation grows more bland and homogenized with each passing year and regional differences slowly disappear, some say that our varied accents will soon be a thing of the past. A couple of years ago, the wife of an official in Blount County, Tennessee, told me that so many people were moving there that "you can't hear an East Tennessee accent in the Wal-Mart anymore." I think people should be proud to be whatever they are and proud to be from wherever they are from.

A few years ago, I read in a magazine for the legal profession that someone had done a study of the phenomenal success Southern lawyers were having in front of New York juries. The main point was that juries can usually spot a phony and that, whether you were a Southern lawyer in front of a Northern jury or *vice versa*, it would be a mistake to try to fake an accent and to try to be something you are not.

I think this applies not just to the legal profession but to all walks of life.

I am proud to be from East Tennessee, and, even though I may be teased, I will just relax and keep speaking "authentic Chaucer English."

Congressman John J. Duncan, Jr., represents Tennessee's 2nd District and is an elder at Eastminster Presbyterian Church in Knoxville.

Letter From London

by Michael McMahon

Another Untaught Generation

◆

"The careless maintenance from year to year, in this, the capital city of the world, of a vast hopeless nursery of ignorance, misery and vice, a breeding place for the hulks and jails, is horrible to contemplate."
—Charles Dickens, the *Daily News*, March 13, 1852

When Dickens wrote about the "ragged schools" that so pitifully attempted to address the problem of London's uneducated underclass, he was less moved by their pupils' physical wretchedness, which was extreme, than by their spiritual poverty, which he saw as absolute. Yes, he was affronted by the squalor in which they were forced to live; yes, he was outraged by the injustice of it. What drove him to near despair, however, was not that, of material things, they had so little but that, of morality, they had nothing at all. "The first distinctions between right and wrong are, from their cradles, perfectly confounded and perverted in their minds," he wrote. "They come of untaught parents, and will give birth to another untaught generation . . . there is no escape or chance for them in any ordinary revolution of human affairs." Dickens believed that, if decent folk were to see for themselves inside the prisons and ragged schools of that time, they would be "shocked, pained and repelled" by much that they would learn there: "but nothing they can learn will be one thousandth part so shocking, painful, and repulsive, as the continuance for one year more of these things as they have been for too many years already."

Though it is shocking, painful, and repulsive to acknowledge it, 150 years after Dickens wrote those words, the moral ignorance that he lamented still confounds the consciences of countless underclass children. Our own designer-trainered paupers have riches Dickens' barefoot urchins could not even have imagined; spiritually, however, they are just as poor, if not poorer. I have seen inside today's prisons (for nine years, I was a prison visitor), and, for six years, I taught in the contemporary equivalent of a "ragged school." I have seen for myself the survivalist selfishness that passes for a moral code among many at the very bottom of the heap. I have taught children who have learned from their parents that, when you cling to existence at the very margin of society, you have to snatch anything you can when the chance presents itself, regardless of any irrelevant rules about who actually owns it; and that you should always say whatever best serves your own interests, regardless of any objective notion of truth. There are, of course, exceptions to this general pattern of behavior, and there is, no doubt, as much (or as little) nobility, decency, and magnanimity among the poor as among the rich. But while, in other classes, the possibility that you might do wrong is at least acknowledged, in the underclass, right is what serves your purpose, and wrong is what other people do that frustrates it.

Last August, the BBC broadcast a radio program that put this perverted philosophy under a painful spotlight. "It's My Story: The Witness" was an extended interview with a member of a "girl-gang" who, three years ago, when she was 12, claimed to have seen the murder of Damilola Taylor on a run-down London housing estate. The ten-year-old victim, who had only recently come to England from Nigeria, had been stabbed with a broken bottle and left to bleed to death in a stairwell. The pitiless cruelty of his fate caught the imagination of the nation, and newspapers offered large cash rewards for information leading to a conviction. A fortnight after the event, the girl contacted police and told them that a boy she knew had admitted to her that he was a member of a gang of four that had committed the crime. She was taken into a witness-protection program, given a new name—"Bromley"—to conceal her identity, and interviewed over time and at length. After a while, she changed her story: She had not been told about the killing but had seen it with her own eyes. The police knew that they could not secure a conviction without her evidence, and they looked after her carefully before the case came to court.

Quite how well they cared for her emerged during the trial. They bought her clothes, a pet gerbil, a mobile phone, and numerous meals and took her on trips to the seaside. Quite how badly she behaved in return became a matter of record, too. After setting fire to her bathroom, she was thrown out of a hotel she had been put in; when there were complaints about loud music, she was thrown out of the flat she was moved to. During an eight-day stay at one hotel, accompanied by her mother, she ran up a bill of over £2,000; the mother's bill was only a few pounds less. The taxpayer paid both. The police asked Bromley not to contact her friends before the trial, but she made up to 60 telephone calls to them every day. When the phone in her room was taken away, she borrowed another one, plugged it in, and ran up a further £380 in charges. She made one call from her mother's room that cost £226. She was bored, she said. A policeman took pity on her and lent her his personal CD player. She sold it. It emerged that she had not behaved much better when at school. Her teachers described her as disruptive, dishonest, and attention-seeking. She had threatened fellow pupils with scissors, kicked and punched a

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maintenance worker, and grabbed control of the school's P.A. system. She had done, it would appear, whatever she had felt like doing at any time, regardless of the consequences for others.

If Bromley was not a very good girl, she was an even worse witness. At one point, she lost her temper with the defence barrister, swore at him, and stormed out of the court. The jury was shown video tapes of police interviews in which she laughed as she sang, "We're in the money" and "Gimme, gimme, gimme," when mention was made of the £50,000 reward. She was never to collect it; her credibility was comprehensively demolished during the trial. She had waited two weeks before coming forward to offer evidence; she had expressed crude enthusiasm at the prospect of gaining the reward money; she had admitted that the first version of events she had given the police had been untrue. Why should any subsequent story she might tell be believed? The judge ruled her evidence unreliable. The case collapsed. The four boys she said she had seen attack Damilola walked free, even though they had boasted of their guilt during their detention—a fact that the judge ruled should not be reported to the jury. Nobody else has been charged with his murder.

Bromley paints herself as a victim in the interview she gave the BBC. It is an accurate characterization, though she shows no sense of understanding that she is more than anything a victim of herself. Since coming under witness protection, Bromley has been moved 39 times. Terrified of being found by anyone who might seek revenge for accusations, she and her mother now live at a secret address, protected by intruder alarms, extra locks, and a guard dog trained to attack on command. "My life's ruined," Bromley tells the interviewer.

> I have to stay in all the time, can't go to school, can't get education, when I'm older I can't get a job. I'm just going to be another bum in the world. Someone else who's going to be low life on social, that's what's probably going to be me, mate.

For all Bromley's awfulness, it is impossible not to be moved by her fate. "I always feel sad," she says. "I can't feel happy; there's nothing happy. What's 'happy'?" she asks. It would indeed seem that "there is no escape or chance for [her] in any ordinary revolution of human affairs," for, in Bromley, "the first distinctions between right and wrong" are certainly confused, if not "perfectly confounded." Why did the case collapse? "It's all down to the police and they know that." But surely it was because she lied in the first story that she gave them? "No, I didn't lie, I only said that I wasn't there, that ain't lying—yeah, it's lying but not proper lying. I'm not lying about the boys that did it, I told them the correct boys."

Perhaps Bromley's most telling assertion comes when she is asked if she is now sorry that she sang "We're in the money." "No," she says, because she knows that she didn't go to the police to get money, and people shouldn't "judge me by how I act." If people shouldn't judge her by her actions, that leaves only her thoughts; as only she knows her thoughts, nobody else can judge her at all. The absurdity of such a position is all too obvious to any adult with the power of rational thought, but Bromley's indefensible self-defensiveness is far from unique in the underclass that is always with us. I have taught countless inner-city teenagers that refused to cross the boundary to the "age of reason" that the old Penny Catechism said was reached at "the age of seven, or thereabouts." Forever frozen in childish selfishness, their encounters with the world around them are a ceaseless cycle of sulks and tantrums, punctuated by the outbursts of violence that their inevitable frustrations produce.

Thus, when Bromley acknowledges that she has a short temper, she does not apologize for it; even less does it occur to her that she should try to master what others might consider to be a failing. Reminded that she swore aggressively at the defense barrister under interrogation, she says, "Good, I should have slapped him." The court should have been able to take her on her own terms, she insists: "It ain't my fault that I didn't make a good impression, this is me, I can't change myself." By her own account—one cannot say "on her own admission," for that would suggest that she acknowledges herself capable of doing wrong—she displayed the same attitude at school.

> I wasn't always bad but could be bad if I wanted to be bad. I didn't like school because they don't ask you to do something, they tell you you have to do it, and I don't like people telling me what I have to do, I like doing it in my own time, I like having my own space.

It is clear that Bromley uses "want" or "like having" to mean *must have*, or, rather, *must have—or else*! Listening to that wireless program, I could hear in Bromley the voices of countless damaged girls I have taught in the past. The face my imagination attributed to her was of one of the most recent of my pupils—a 15-year-old who had been excluded from two schools for a catalogue of self-centered outrages perpetrated upon anyone who happened to be in the way of whatever whim was controlling her at the time. I remember how pleased I was to learn that my pupil had managed to find herself a Saturday job serving in a supermarket. When I asked her how her first day's work had gone, she replied, "Very well!" and showed me the set of false fingernails that she had stolen from her new employer, boasting that she had served several of her friends with goods for which she had taken no payment. When I suggested that maybe she shouldn't have done those things, she looked at me as if she had been addressed by an imbecile. "Don't be stupid," she said. "They pay so badly, they deserve it; and anyway, if I want stuff, why shouldn't I have it?"

Attitudes like that are common in today's "untaught generation," as they were no doubt common at the time that Dickens wrote his piece for the *Daily News*. Youngsters like that lie or tell the truth as it suits them and react with the same outrage whether it is their lies or their truths that are called into doubt. In Bromley's case, her outrage at being thought to have fabricated her evidence just for the reward money was so great that she refused huge sums offered by tabloid newspapers for her story and accepted no fee for her interview with the BBC. In it, she says nothing that could persuade anyone that she should be considered truthful; one is left wondering, however, whether she might once have told a very significant truth. If poor, damaged, confused young Bromley were ever to be read Aesop's fable of the boy who cried wolf, it is unlikely that she would understand its moral, even now. But she might have a better appreciation of how the boy feels at the end of the story than any scholar fluent in classical Greek.

Michael McMahon is a freelance writer who lives in Norfolk, England.

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by Srdja Trifkovic

Mr. Bush and Democracy in the Middle East

In 1980, Ayatollah Khomeini told Oriana Fallaci that Western music dulls the mind. "It involves pleasure and ecstasy, similar to drugs," he explained; it does not exalt the spirit but puts it to sleep, and "it distracts our youth who become poisoned by it." "Even the music of Bach, Beethoven, Verdi?" Fallaci asked. "I do not know these names," Khomeini replied but went on to allow for the possibility that some of Western music is acceptable: "For example, marches and hymns for marching . . . Yes, but your marches are permitted."

The fact that the late Ayatollah—just like Grand Mufti al-Husseyni before him—would have found *Die Fahne Hoch* to his musical taste indicates an important obstacle to the fulfillment of President George W. Bush's freshly reiterated goal of spreading democracy to the Middle East.

In a much-heralded speech on November 6, Mr. Bush told the National Endowment for Democracy that

> sixty years of Western nations excusing and accommodating the lack of freedom in the Middle East did nothing to make us safe—and in the long run, stability cannot be purchased at the expense of liberty.

The President added that there was no reason why the people of the Middle East should not enjoy democracy: "It should be clear to all that Islam—the faith of one-fifth of humanity—is consistent with democratic rule," he declared, charging those who doubted his assertions with cultural condescension.

Even more serious than his naiveté is Mr. Bush's millenarian utopianism and his ahistoricism, which brings us to the matter of music. The link between the ability of a non-Western culture to appreciate, internalize, and reproduce a classical symphony and its ability to develop a prosperous economy and a functional polity is well established. In the second half of the 19th century, Japan joined the ranks of the great powers because it possessed a culture inured to discipline, approving of delayed gratification and self-restraint. While remaining proudly aware of their uniqueness, the Japanese not only emulated Western organization and technology but soon understood that Western music released hitherto untapped aspects of their sensitivity. A century later, world-class philharmonic orchestras and top-notch soloists could be found not only in Tokyo but in Beijing, Seoul, Taipei, Hong Kong, and Singapore. Even if the Europeans die out in the next century or so—as they are likely to do, if present demographic trends persist—an important aspect of their legacy will be preserved.

By contrast, in the Islamic world, that legacy is appreciated by few and actively pursued by even fewer. Rigid form, lax rendering, and hypersensuality prevail, in music and in life. Western goods, technology, and organization are perceived as desirable commodities that can be imported and used, but any acceptance of the aesthetic, social, political, and moral underpinnings of the Western mind is rejected by most Muslims. For the past three centuries, British, French, German, and American engineers, officers, and doctors have trained thousands of their Muslim pupils, but, in their native lands, the latter have never managed to yield more than what was imparted to them.

Mr. Bush's speechwriters pretend not to know that the problem is insoluble: Most Muslims want the fruits of Western culture but not the culture itself. Malaysia's former prime minister Mahathir Muhammad (routinely described as "pro-Western" and "moderate") urges Muslims to promote science and technology—not in order to make their own cars, air conditioners, or computers but to produce their own "guns and rockets, bombs and warplanes, tanks and warships." The long career of this allegedly enlightened leader, and that of countless other Muslim modernizers, testifies to a disdain for democracy. Instant gratification, inherent to the Muslim mind-set ever since Muhammad resorted to divine intervention in his lust for his daughter-in-law, is incompatible with the discipline, cohesion, and the individual pride of free men that are the preconditions for both democracy and sustained self-generated prosperity.

Mr. Bush's speech was presumably directed at a narrow segment of urban intelligentsia in the Muslim world, the would-be Ataturks in Jeddah and Cairo who want to break free from the old mind-set and reform Islam into a matter of personal choice separated from state and distinct from society. Mr. Bush invoked Ronald Reagan's faith in the imminent downfall of communism, which he claimed had been considered naive at the time. He suggested that those who doubt his own belief in the spread of democracy in the Middle East might be proved equally wrong.

The parallel is flawed. Throughout Eastern Europe, by the late 1980's, people were fed up with communism, and most had never believed its mythology in the first place. In many Muslim countries, by contrast, the opposition to autocratic regimes comes from people who accuse those regimes of betraying the True Faith, which would be comparable to fervent Maoists providing the opposition to the Soviet bloc gerontocracy in the 1980's.

The predominant response in today's Muslim world to the crisis caused by Western superiority is the demand for "Islamic solutions." It is not the West-friendly intelligentsia but "moderate" traditionalists and "radical" fundamentalists—two sides of the same coin—who form the overwhelming majority in every Muslim country in the world. They share the belief in the superiority of their faith and its divinely ordained mission of world leadership. Both groups regard the early success of Islam as a natural result of the strict and uncompromising observance of all tenets of that faith. They both resent

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the subsequent decline and the temporary superiority of the unbelievers; they contribute equally to the perpetuation of the culture of anti-Western otherness.

In order to make the impact desired by Mr. Bush, urban modernizers will have to "sell" the West to their compatriots not only as a source of consumer durables and life-saving medicines but as a desirable social and political model. That is impossible as long as the United States is perceived as being strongly biased in favor of the Israeli side in the Middle Eastern conflict. The mistrust of America is deep, universal, and it transcends political, cultural, geographic, and economic divisions within the Muslim world. As Ahmed Kamal Aboulmagd, a leading Egyptian "pro-Western" intellectual, says, never have America's Arab friends felt so estranged from the United States: "When it comes to the central problem of the Middle East—the Arab-Israeli conflict—we feel that even a minimum of American even-handedness is missing." Abdel-Monem Said, director of Egypt's Al-Ahram Center for Political Strategic Studies, added that the perceived dishonesty of the United States in justifying the Iraq war had tarnished her credibility. "Democracy is all about legalities, rule of law and legitimacy," he said. "There is an issue of double standards."

Any democratization of Egypt and Saudi Arabia—singled out by the President as ripe for democratic reform—will play not into the hands of his would-be friends and allies but into the hands of Osama bin Laden and his ilk. Turkey and Algeria provide proof that more democracy in the Muslim world means *more Islam*, and it is remarkable that Mr. Bush singled out Turkey as a shining example of the alleged compatibility between democratic institutions and Islamic values. The dream of secularism has never penetrated beyond a narrow stratum of urban elites centered in Istanbul, and Turkey remains uneasily balanced between a democratically elected Islamic government and a Kemalist officer corps.

Turkey's fragility was underlined by terrorist attacks on November 20 that killed 28 people at the Istanbul office of London-based HSBC Bank and at the British consulate, adding to the 25 people killed the previous Saturday (November 15), when two synagogues in Turkey's largest city were targeted.

Mr. Bush's vision will not usher in a dawn of democratic rebirth of the Muslim world. I hope that his speech at least heralds one welcome and overdue policy change in Washington and that the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia will finally be brought to heel. It is the most intolerant Islamic regime on the face of the earth. It is waging a worldwide proxy war against Christianity and against other religions that Islam encounters: Judaism in Israel, Hinduism in India, animism in Africa, and Buddhism in Southeast Asia. Its authorities allowed thousands of young Saudis easy access to American visas under various pretexts, many of them hell-bent on waging *jihad* against unbelievers. Mr. Bush's speech should mark the end of the Western desire to pander to Saudi whims, including the nonexistent and unreciprocated "right" of her government to bankroll thousands of mosques and Islamic "cultural centers" in the United States and elsewhere that teach hate and provide the logistic infrastructure for Islamic terrorism. The Saudi regime may well be unsustainable, but a "democratic" alternative reminiscent of Tehran in 1979 cannot be contemplated with equanimity. Its carefully devised incremental change should be managed now, or it will be observed with powerless chagrin later.

The most serious problem with Mr. Bush's November 6 speech is not its apparent failure to grasp the impossibility of a democratic transformation of the Muslim world that would not be preceded by a reform of Muhammad's faith so colossal as to turn it into something altogether new and different. The main problem is in the President's habitual treatment of America as a Shining City on a Hill, legitimately called upon to be an active agent of democratic change around the world. The United States not only "protected free nations from aggression and created the conditions in which new democracies could flourish" but, he asserted, "also provided inspiration for oppressed peoples." He talked of "great turning points" in the struggle and promised fresh resolve in shaping "the next stage of the world democratic movement":

> This is a massive and difficult undertaking—it is worth our effort, it is worth our sacrifice, because we know the stakes. The failure of Iraqi democracy would embolden terrorists around the world, increase dangers to the American people, and extinguish the hopes of millions in the region. Iraqi democracy will succeed—and that success will send forth the news, from Damascus to Teheran—that freedom can be the future of every nation. The establishment of a free Iraq at the heart of the Middle East will be a watershed event in the global democratic revolution.

Such words reflect advanced neoconservative megalomania, its symptoms already visible in Mr. Bush's two State of the Union Addresses. In January 2003, he declared that "we must remember our calling, as a blessed country, to make this world better":

> [T]his call of history has come to the right country. . . . We exercise power without conquest, and we sacrifice for the liberty of strangers. Americans are a free people, who know that freedom is the right of every person and the future of every nation. The liberty we prize is not America's gift to the world, it is God's gift to humanity.

This outlook is not "patriotic" in any conventional sense. Unlike Mr. Bush himself, his speechwriters do not identify themselves with the real and historic America but see the United States merely as the host organism for the exercise of the "world democratic movement" of which they are the manipulators. They are "patriots" only insofar as the America they imagine is a pliable tool of their global design.

Mr. Bush is probably too good a man to be identified personally with their design and supportive of its implications. He is merely the most high-ranking victim of the Straussian dictum that perpetual deception by those in control is necessary because those who are manipulated need to be led, and they need to be told what is good for them. In the Straussian-neoconservative mind-set, those who are fit to rule are those who realize there is no morality and that there is only one natural right—the right of the superior to rule over the inferior. Mr. Bush may have too much moral sense to be deemed fit to rule by those who write his speeches. c

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INTELLIGENCE

Information Sharing

by Margie Burns

On February 13, 2001, George W. Bush, three weeks in the Oval Office, issued his first official White House document pertaining to national security. The document, called a National Security Presidential Directive (NSPD), partly reorganized the National Security Council, which had been established by President Truman in 1947 and put into the Executive Branch in 1949.

Bush's NSPD memorandum is addressed to all members of the Cabinet, several economic advisors, White House personnel, the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and some officials concerned with security—41 people in all, with the Vice President at the top of the list:

> SUBJECT: Organization of the National Security Council System:
> This document is the first in a series of National Security Presidential Directives. National Security Presidential Directives shall replace both Presidential Decision Directives and Presidential Review Directives as an instrument for communicating presidential decisions about the national security policies of the United States.

The NSPD redefined "security" with a heavier emphasis on economic matters:

> National security includes the defense of the United States of America, protection of our constitutional system of government, and the advancement of [U.S.] interests around the globe. National security also depends on America's opportunity to prosper in the world economy.
> The National Security Act of 1947, as amended, established the National Security Council to advise the President with respect to the integration of domestic, foreign, and military policies relating to national security. That remains its purpose.

Now, the memo continued,

> The NSC shall advise and assist me in integrating all aspects of national security policy as it affects the United States—domestic, foreign, military, intelligence, and economics (in conjunction with the National Economic Council (NEC)).

The new priorities are fairly clear. "[R]egular attendees (both statutory and non-statutory)" at NSC meetings still include "the President, the Vice President, the Secretary of State, the Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of Defense, and the Assistant to the President for National Security Affairs," along with the CIA director and the chairman of the joint chiefs of staff. However, the attorney general and "The heads of other executive departments and agencies, as well as other senior officials, shall be invited to attend meetings of the NSC [only] when appropriate." The White House chief of staff (Andrew Card) and the assistant to the President for economic policy (then Larry Lindsey), by contrast, "are invited to attend any NSC meeting."

The NSPD also boosted National Security Advisor Condoleezza Rice's place in the food chain. Rice, also three weeks in office, was slated to attend all NSC meetings and was

> responsible, at my direction and in consultation with the other regular attendees of the NSC, for determining the agenda, ensuring that necessary papers are prepared, and recording NSC actions and Presidential decisions.

Rice, however, does not have to carry the ball alone if commercial matters arise:

> When international economic issues are on the agenda of the NSC, the Assistant to the President for National Security Affairs and the Assistant to the President for Economic Policy shall perform these tasks in concert.

Rice was also deputed to chair meetings of the NSC Principals Committee, which from then on would deal with international economic matters as well as security concerns. Adding greater weight to Rice's office, the NSPD directs that meetings of the NSC Deputies Committee be chaired by Rice's deputy, Stephen J. Hadley, who was designated with the responsibility for calling the deputies' meetings.

In the interest of consolidating,

> Management of the development and implementation of national security policies by multiple agencies of the United States Government shall usually be accomplished by the NSC Policy Coordination Committees (NSC/PCCs). The NSC/PCCs shall be the main day-to-day fora for interagency coordination of national security policy.

Regrettably, in light of Hadley's role in inserting the false claims that Iraq attempted to obtain uranium from Niger into the President's 2003 State of the Union address, these committees were organized by region, with the committees for Near East and North Africa separate from those for Europe and Eurasia, which were both separate from those for the Western Hemisphere, with no regional committee for the United States or North America.

Eleven separate committees were also established to deal with "functional topics," including "Counter-Terrorism and National Preparedness." This committee was also chaired by Rice, along with six other committees, including "Arms Control," "Intelligence and Counter-Intelligence," and "Records Access and Information Security." Rice also designated each committee's executive secretary, who schedules meetings and determines agendas.

In light of September 11, a single sentence is perhaps the most dramatic statement in the NSPD: "The existing system of Interagency Working Groups is abolished."

Thus ended, with one stroke of the pen, the chief existing structural mechanism for coordinating information among federal agencies—including the intelligence agencies, transportation, and immigration.

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> Except for those established by statute, other existing NSC interagency groups, ad hoc bodies, and executive committees are also abolished as of March 1, 2001, unless they are specifically reestablished as subordinate working groups within the new NSC system as of that date.

The continued existence of any working groups would be up to Rice:

> Cabinet officers, the heads of other executive agencies, and the directors of offices within the Executive Office of the President shall advise the Assistant to the President for National Security Affairs of those specific NSC interagency groups chaired by their respective departments or agencies that are either mandated by statute or are otherwise of sufficient importance and vitality as to warrant being reestablished. In each case the Cabinet officer, agency head, or office director should describe the scope of the activities proposed for or now carried out by the interagency group, the relevant statutory mandate if any, and the particular NSC/PCC that should coordinate this work.

There is one exception to this overall pattern: "The Trade Promotion Coordinating Committee established in E.O. 12870 shall continue its work . . ."

Other coordination, however, was replaced by the new organization:

> As to those committees expressly established in the National Security Act, the NSC/PC and/or NSC/DC shall serve as those committees and perform the functions assigned to those committees by the Act.

This NSPD was publicly released March 13, 2001, the same date a mini-symposium was held in Laurel, Maryland, on "homeland security," partly sponsored by Analytic Services, Inc. (ANSER), the company for which Hadley had served as a trustee. ANSER had formed a think tank and consulting operation called the "Homeland Security Institute" back in spring 1999 and was heavily invested in pushing the idea of a "second Pearl Harbor" as a slogan for the military-intelligence establishment, both before and after September 11, 2001.

Given this history, it is ironic to see Condoleezza Rice and Stephen Hadley now taking the knife in the ribs for President Bush's bogus Iraq pronouncements. Both are perceived as so controlled by the Bush political team that no one around the globe believes statements issued by either one. Other writers have pointed out that Hadley, despite his demurrers about the infamous "Niger uranium" ploy, used this rhetorical trope himself in February 2003, well *after* the October 2002 time frame in which he admits he knew it to be spurious (see *usembassy.state.gov/mumbai/wwwhwashnews200.html*).

There is a greater irony, however, in hearing the consensus expressed by those who issued the September 11 report on national security, in which they identified a lack of information sharing or coordination among key agencies. How could the White House ever have thought that abolishing the interagency work groups was a good idea, if security was the objective? Why was so much responsibility placed on the shoulders of one person, Condoleezza Rice, whose previous experience had been at Stanford University and Chevron? Why was national security blended with commerce?

Above all, why was virtually total control of national security taken over and revamped by a politically preoccupied White House?

Margie Burns writes from Washington, D.C.

EDUCATION

Terms of Empowerment

by B.K. Eakman

Imagine, if you can, thousands of parents last January insisting that the Fairfax County, Virginia, school board distribute a 169-question sex survey to their 13-, 15-, and 17-year-olds. Envision legions of taxpayers falling all over themselves to divert $60,000 earmarked for educational purposes to ask students about oral sex, number of sexual partners, depression, and suicide.

Children behaving badly isn't news, of course. The question here is, *Who*—and, more importantly, how many—*are those promoting tell-all polls in the classroom?*

A close examination of news accounts reveals the answer: special interests, especially social "service" agencies and other organized causes feasting on greenbacks from federal, state, and local governments. Every foundation, association, and Center-for-Whatever—from the Sex Information and Education Council of the United States (SIECUS) to Planned Parenthood—is hot to get its pet nonacademic program into the schools, particularly if it focuses on sex, race, the failures of parents, or mental illness.

Powerful incentives exist to goad as many children as possible into "confessing" antisocial and unhealthy attitudes. Kevin P. Dwyer, president of the National Association of School Psychologists, defends psychological pop quizzes, explaining that this "valuable information [is] almost impossible to obtain from any other source . . ." He worries that a negative court ruling might prompt legislators to nix all questionnaires.

Fairfax's survey is only the latest flap. The furor of 2002, for example, was over Ridgewood (New Jersey) High School's 156-question survey: "Profiles of Student Life: Attitudes and Behaviors." This brainchild of the Minneapolis-based Search Institute received, not coincidentally, major funding for "prevention" projects from several government agencies.

A Fairfax County Board of Supervisors' task force, the Youth Survey Working Group, launched the Virginia survey. Committee members knew perfectly well that asking minors to divulge information of an intimate, political, or unlawful nature without parental knowledge or consent is unethical and usually illegal and that repeating questions in various formats to ensure that the information compromises the respondents is tantamount to entrapment. In any case, most school officials are aware that students' responses are not really anonymous but "confidential"—*i.e.*, that responses are typically "slugged" (pre-identified) and disclosed on a need-to-know basis.

Parents are deemed nuisances to be circumvented, not cooperating partners. Dr. Karen Effrem, parent and pediatrician with the Maple River Education Coalition in St. Paul, Minnesota, testified at a recent hearing before her state legislature that the No Child Left Behind Act threatens parental authority.

"If parents are *really* cooperative," stat-

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ed Dr. Effrem, "federal and state government will allow them to participate in the educational decisions regarding their own children." This is the key issue: The state and the education establishment, in collusion with the hydra-headed mental-health industry, have decided that most parents are unwilling or unable to provide meaningful guidance to their children.

No sooner had Dr. Effrem presented her testimony than officials in Lebanon, Pennsylvania, announced they would become a pilot district for a new initiative—to disseminate parent report cards. Parents in the 4,200-student district would earn grades based on attendance at parent-teacher conferences, returning papers with the required signatures, and seeing that their youngsters come to school healthy—all admirable goals, no doubt, but insulting to parents who routinely fulfill their responsibilities. Might a parent receive a low mark for, say, objecting to the sex questionnaire in Virginia or for promoting "intolerant" attitudes about single parenthood and "alternative lifestyles"?

Coercive personal surveys permeate today's classrooms, from health to history classes. Nearly all carry political overtones and affect curricula. Some questionnaires include items asking what newspapers and magazines are found in students' homes and solicit information on parents' health or finances. The formats typically are a mixture of true/false, "what-would-you-do-if," and "how-do-you-feel-when" queries. That is why newspapers are able to report that "16 percent of 12-year-olds say they have" done this or that in the past month.

Not only is such information frequently individually identifiable, but much of it is cross-referenceable with other computerized data. With the increasing interoperability of local, state, and federal computer systems—under the mandate of information-sharing—comes the specter of citizen dossiers.

Is such extensive record-keeping already underway?

That depends on who needs it. Electronic cross-matching (a.k.a. "data-trafficking" and "data-mining") is expensive and time-consuming. Should an individual sufficiently irritate someone important, aspire to public office, or become a whistle-blower, however, all kinds of data, including political and social views, are trotted out. As info-matching services become more lucrative and national-ID proposals take on new urgency in the name of security, the sheer frequency and volume of data collection is potentially evolving into a political litmus test.

Today's questionnaires and screening instruments amount to psychological profiling. The presumption is that, if people have nothing to hide, they will comply. The term *voluntary* suggests the freedom to opt out. In practice, there are implied repercussions for refusing. Thus, most school surveys do not make the headlines. Consent forms, if any exist, usually find their way home after the fact. Invasive questionnaires may even be incorporated in an academic test or appear as part of a curriculum or school activity.

In one Philadelphia-area Christian school, pupils were asked questions similar to those on the Fairfax survey. The school, while private, received some tax support, which was all it took to launch the survey—to compile government-mandated health statistics. Many times, questions are formulated by contractors with ties to such organizations as SIECUS and Planned Parenthood, which favor graphic sex curricula, aggressive mental-health interventions, and extremist political causes.

Pennsylvania has been awash in phony testing and survey scandals since 1973, when the American Civil Liberties Union first took the state education agency's Division of Testing to task for asking personal questions on standardized tests without parental knowledge or consent. The suit was dropped when the state agreed to provide written notice. By 1984, however, unauthorized fishing expeditions into students' private lives were again a source of controversy. The state was caught red-handed tying curriculum and federal dollars to the "test" questions. Today the practice is ubiquitous, and another survey is headed for Pennsylvania's public schools (see "Survey Will Ask Students about Private Family Matters," *www.pennlive.com/news/patriotnews*). Alison Delsite, spokeswoman for the Pennsylvania Crime and Delinquency Commission, told the *Patriot News* that "[t]he questionnaire is designed to find out how many young people are at risk for drug abuse, violence and other problems. The information is used to target state and local money and prevention efforts."

Why is state and local money being funneled into prevention efforts in schools? Because the federal dollars received by each state's Department of Education are tied to "violence prevention." These monies are passed on to local school districts through such entities as Pennsylvania's Crime and Delinquency Commission.

Who is behind the Pennsylvania survey? The "Channing Bete Company, a Massachusetts firm that markets Communities That Care, a youth violence prevention effort." The organization was paid by the federal government to develop a survey and receive even more money for administering it. (A version of the survey can be viewed at *www.pccd.state.pa.us/Stats/docs/PAYS2001*.)

In response to a legal challenge by parents, Fairfax County attorney David Bobzien determined in February that the survey asking high-school students about their sexual experiences does not violate Chapter 31, Title 20, Section 1232h of the U.S. Code, which states that

> no student shall be required, as part of any applicable program, to submit to a survey, analysis, or evaluation that reveals information concerning . . . sex behavior and attitudes . . . without the prior consent of the parent.

The survey, argued Bobzien, was a local initiative and did not involve federal funds.

This is a typical response to lawsuits from parent groups. The burden—financial and otherwise—falls to parents to uncover the federal funding behind such surveys, resulting in huge legal fees for discovery. Attorneys usually can pursue the money trail far enough to locate the "incentives" and "technical assistance" that federal agencies and their subgrantees provide. It can be a long, daunting process, however.

There is an even more subtle disincentive to take on the system. Beginning in their youngsters' elementary-school years, parents are urged to "get involved"—serve on curriculum committees, task forces, in the PTA. The illusion is that their views really matter. Parents soon discover, however, that, unless their values conform to the predetermined "consensus," they are ostracized. The "approved opinions" always seem to emanate from well-heeled special interests—like SIECUS.

So just how did those nasty little questionnaires get into the Fairfax and Ridgewood schools? The answer is consensus-building.

Such methods as the Delphi Technique, among others, originated years ago as a means of moving contentious

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business meetings along. Gradually, these strategies evolved into something more manipulative.

Special interests know that only those controversial initiatives judged to be "in the interest of the state" and to have community support will survive. For example, the federal government is prohibited by law from becoming involved in determining curricula—unless some subject is deemed "in the interest of the state." Teen pregnancy, school violence, sexually transmitted diseases, and a whole range of social objectives fall into that category—but not such basic subjects as spelling, math, or geography. Initiatives likely to be rejected by the public require careful nurturing. But by creating an impression of voter support, legislators and school officials can be convinced to implement projects that most parents dislike, even abhor.

Parents who balk are "Delphi-ed" out. Posing as unbiased moderators of a discussion, trained "facilitators" representing the special interest are sent to communities to engineer a phony consensus. After ascertaining the various factions within the target group, the facilitator deftly pits one against the other until only the preapproved view is left standing. Alternative opinions are rejected as backward, extreme, or reactionary—by "consensus." Principle is dumped in favor of group-think, which is the adult form of "peer pressure."

Consider what are characterized today as majority views on sex and cohabitation. The special-interest groups would have us believe that most people accept illegitimacy and sex outside of marriage and that modern birth-control methods have made abstinence and monogamy obsolete. According to Zogby International, however, by a 2.4 to 1 margin, parents disapprove of comprehensive sex education. Even more condemn the "safe-sex" curricula promoted by the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention. Two thirds of parents disapprove of telling children aged five to eight details of sexual intercourse or self-arousal, of telling youngsters between the ages of nine and 12 that homosexual relationships are satisfying, and of teaching 12- to 15-year-olds that cohabitation is as good as marriage. Parents feel strongly that "sexual or physical intimacy should occur between two people involved in a lifelong, mutually faithful marriage commitment." They approve teaching abstinence as a primary response to epidemic STD's, out-of-wedlock pregnancies, and abortions.

For years, groups such as SIECUS, Planned Parenthood, the Alan Guttmacher Institute, the National Education Association, the CDC, and Advocates for Youth, among others, have claimed that between 80 and 90 percent of parents support "comprehensive" sex-education programs for young children. How did these groups achieve such a misrepresentation of public opinion? By conducting manipulative focus groups and disseminating surveys that describe explicit sex education in vague, even compassionate, language.

Most people do not realize that self-determination is removed in the process of consensus-building. Those who oppose coercive surveys could shut down the process, take back the discussion, and reframe the debate—if they knew how. The less time our schools actually spend teaching, however, the less graduates can hold on to, or argue for, their personal beliefs—a self-perpetuating problem that becomes deadly for representative democracy.

This is the real tragedy of our declining schools—where "consensus" is sold as "empowerment."

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AMERICAN EMPIRE

The American Myth of World War I

by Joseph E. Fallon

In 1917, two revolutions engulfed war-ravaged Europe. The first was America's military intervention in France on June 26, which prolonged World War I and, thus, made possible the second: the communist seizure of power in Russia on November 7.

To win maximum public support for their respective revolutions, the two rivals, Woodrow Wilson and Vladimir Lenin, adopted the same tactic. Each declared his forces were fighting to establish peace, democracy, and national self-determination in Europe.

A common rhetoric concealed a common goal. Despite ideological differences, Wilson the capitalist and Lenin the Marxist shared the same ambition—the destruction of the traditional cultural and social order of Europe. Each sought to convert World War I into a war against Western civilization. They differed only on which ideology—"democratic capitalism" or "democratic socialism"—would be the foundation for the New World Order they wished to impose upon Europe.

When Wilson militarily intervened in that war, he instigated a revolution against the traditional foreign policy of the United States. As George Washington emphasized in his Farewell Address: "The great rule of conduct for us in regard to foreign nations is—in extending our commercial relations—to have with them as little political connection as possible."

More prophetic were the words delivered by John Quincy Adams. In his speech to the U.S. House of Representatives on July 4, 1821, celebrating Independence Day, he warned against going abroad in search of "monsters to destroy" and foretold the consequences if the federal government pursed foreign adventures.

> [America] has abstained from interference in the concerns of others, even when conflict has been for principles to which she clings, as to the last vital drop that visits the heart. . . . Wherever the standard of freedom and independence has been or shall be unfurled, there will her heart, her benedictions and her prayers be. But she goes not abroad, in search of monsters to destroy. She is the well-wisher to the freedom and independence of all. She is the champion and vindicator only of her own. . . . She well knows that by once enlisting under other banners than her own, were they even the banners of foreign independence, she would involve herself beyond the power of extrication, in all the wars of interest and intrigue, of individual avarice, envy, and ambition, which assume the colors and usurp the standard of freedom. The fundamental maxims of her policy would insensibly change from liberty to force . . .

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Wilson ignored this warning. His revolution, however, only succeeded because of two previous events. First, Lincoln had shredded the Constitution, turning the United States from a voluntary union of states into a consolidated empire for the benefit of Northern business interests. Second, Theodore Roosevelt had used the Spanish-American War to expand Lincoln's continental empire into a full-fledged imperial regime presiding over a string of overseas colonies. As William Graham Sumner wrote in "The Conquest of the United States by Spain," "We have beaten Spain in a military conflict, but we are submitting to be conquered by her on the field of ideas and policies."

Mark Twain aptly labeled this period (roughly 1865-1900), when the Old Republic was replaced by a permanent kleptocracy with imperial pretensions, "The Gilded Age"—hypocritical and corrupt, cruel and flamboyant. By 1864, Lincoln's attorney general, Edward Bates, already lamented that "The abuse of official powers and thirst for dishonest gain are now so common that they cease to shock." The American Empire created by Lincoln and Roosevelt had replaced Thomas Jefferson and Monticello with Boss Tweed and Tammany Hall.

American involvement in World War I, first as a neutral selling to the Allies and, later, as a belligerent fighting with the Allies, vindicated the words of John Quincy Adams—"individual avarice, envy, and ambition . . . usurp[ed] the standard of freedom."

In *War Is a Racket*, an exposé of profiteering, U.S. Marine Corp Maj. Gen. Smedley Darlington Butler wrote: "At least 21,000 new millionaires and billionaires were made in the United States during the World War."

Big businesses—particularly the iron, steel, and munitions industries—made a killing between 1914 and 1918. American Sugar Refining Company registered profits of 300 percent; Anaconda Copper, more than 300 percent; Bethlehem Steel, more than 800 percent; Central Leather Company, 1,100 percent; DuPont, more than 950 percent; General Chemical Company, 1,400 percent; International Nickel Company, 1,700 percent; U.S. Steel, more than 200 percent; and Utah Copper, more than 400 percent.

Other industries, no matter how irrelevant or incompetent, also made handsome profits. For example, as General Butler notes, after entering the war, the U.S. government spent one billion dollars on airplane engines that were never used and $635 million on ships made of wood that sank; purchased 60 million yards of mosquito netting for American troops in France, hundreds of thousands of McClellan cavalry saddles for an American army in France that had no cavalry, 35 million pairs of hobnailed shoes for four million American soldiers, and, in the age of the automobile, 6,000 buckboards.

By first selling the Allies food and such essential war materiel as rifles, howitzers, and explosives, then extending them loans when they could no longer pay in cash, the United States went from a net debtor to a net creditor. By 1917, the Allies owed approximately $12 billion to the U.S. government, banks, and manufacturers. Of this total, the United Kingdom owed four billion dollars; France, three billion.

The war, however, was a two-edged sword. If the Allies had defaulted, which would have occurred if they had been defeated or if the war had ended in a stalemate, those same American businesses that had grown rich extending loans and credits to the Allies would have been ruined. In 1917, such a defeat or stalemate looked likely, as mutinies erupted in both the French and Russian armies.

This fear—that major American businesses were facing potential bankruptcy which, in turn, could trigger an economic depression in the United States—coupled with an increasing messianic belief in himself as creator of a new European order, persuaded Woodrow Wilson to intervene militarily in 1917.

Employing a series of clichés and double standards, Wilson and his supporters proclaimed American intervention a moral imperative. It was "the war to end all wars"—except those in colonial possessions; "the world must be made safe for democracy"—except in India, the Philippines, *etc.*; all nations had the right to "self-determination"—except Austrians, Croats, Germans, Hungarians, Slovaks, Slovenes, *etc.*

And, while declaring America's intervention would guarantee a peace based on the principles of "no annexations" and "no punitive damages," the Wilson administration annexed the Danish West

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Indies, and American businesses that had extended loans to the Allies backed punitive damages against Germany.

American intervention ensured an Allied military victory. But what exactly did American intervention accomplish?

First, it needlessly prolonged the war. By the spring of 1917, the Allied and Central Powers had been bled to death in such debacles as Jutland, Verdun, and Somme. Both sides were actively seeking an end to the war. Germany and Austria-Hungary had already offered several peace proposals, and ongoing attempts were being made by the Vatican, Denmark, Sweden, and even individual Americans to mediate a peace settlement. American intervention enabled the Allies to reject a negotiated settlement and to pursue a military victory. This prolonged the war by nearly two years.

Second, it needlessly increased the number of causalities and fatalities. By the time the Armistice was signed on November 11, 1918, the dead numbered 10 million; the wounded, another 20 million. More than one million soldiers were killed between 1917 and 1918. For the principal belligerents on the Western Front, the demographic impact was mind-boggling. Eleven percent of the population of France, nine percent of the population of Germany, and eight percent of the population of the United Kingdom had been either killed or wounded.

Despite the Armistice and knowledge that famine was sweeping across much of Central and Eastern Europe, the Allies continued their food blockade of Germany until July 11, 1919, in order to force the Weimar Republic to sign the Versailles Peace Treaty. The total number of German civilian deaths from starvation rose to nearly one million.

In addition, 1918 and 1919 saw the outbreak of the influenza epidemic in Europe. Recent historical research has traced its source to American troops from Camp Funston, Kansas. It mutated and was spread around the world by returning soldiers. The influenza killed 280,000 civilians in the United Kingdom; 400,000 civilians in Germany; 450,000 civilians in the United States; and more than 70 million civilians worldwide.

Third, American entry into the war needlessly destroyed the economic and social order of Europe. Woodrow Wilson, in his self-appointed role as creator of a new Europe, demanded institutionalized chaos as the price of peace. The centuries-old monarchies of Austria, Hungary, Prussia, and the German states were abolished. The Austro-Hungarian Empire, which, over the course of centuries, had prevented a Turkish conquest of Western Europe and had provided stability in Central Europe, was dismembered. It was replaced by an assortment of unstable entities—truncated Austria and Hungary, multiethnic Poland and Rumania, artificial Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia. Along with these new states came the introduction of weak currencies, which exacerbated the economic collapse of Central and Eastern Europe. Germany was forced to pay war reparations of $31 billion, plus ten percent of her national income annually, to cover Allied occupation costs and pre-war debt. The result was inflation, deflation, economic dislocation, economic depression, the collapse of the middle class in Germany, and political instability in much of Europe.

These were the consequences of America's intervention. Stripped of its political rhetoric, for truth is the first casualty of war, the reality of America's intervention was that patriotism provided the cover for profiteering; democracy was a euphemism for demagoguery; self-determination was a pretense for self-aggrandizement; and the only lasting peace was that of the dead and dying—of men, nations, and Western civilization.

The arrival of American troops in 1917 brought Europe damnation, not salvation. By funding and then waging a war that destroyed the traditional social order of Europe, the United States facilitated the rise of totalitarianism—Stalin in Russia, Mussolini in Italy, and Hitler in Germany. Without American intervention in World War I, there would have been no World War II.

Joseph E. Fallon writes from Rye, New York.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

Attack of the Trotsky-cons!

by Justin Raimondo

Murray N. Rothbard must have seen the post-September 11 era in a dream to be able to sum it up as well as he did in his 1992 inaugural address to the John Randolph Club:

> Social democracy is still here in all its variants, defining our entire respectable political spectrum, from advanced victimology and feminism on the left over to neoconservatism on the right. We are now trapped, in America, inside a Menshevik fantasy, with the narrow bounds of respectable debate set for us by various brands of Marxists. It is now our task, the task of the resurgent right, of the paleo movement, to break those bonds, to finish the job, to finish off Marxism forever.

Rothbard foresaw our current predicament: We *are* trapped inside a Menshevik fantasy, a nightmare world of perpetual war and growing government power.

In a review of Eric Hobsbawm's memoirs, Christopher Hitchens remarked that Tony Blair is "at once the most radical and the most conservative of politicians. Very many of Blair's tough young acolytes received their political baptism in what I try to call the Marxist Right."

This ideological category—the Marxist right—is quite useful. It explains not only the policies that plunder our purses and wreak havoc on the world but the distinctly Soviet style of our rulers and their Amen Corner, as they demonize their enemies and seek to silence them.

Many of the top chieftains of the War Party are ex-leftists of one sort or another. They owe more to Hegel, Marx, and Leon Trotsky than to Russell Kirk, Friedrich Hayek, and Ludwig von Mises. The "godfather" of the neoconservative movement, Irving Kristol, was a Trotskyite in his youth, and the kibitzing that went on in Cubicle B at City College of New York has achieved the status of legend. The official line, of course, is that this was all just a youthful indiscretion and that any such allegiances have long since been put away in a trunk somewhere. The reality, however, is quite different.

The collaboration between social democrats of the Blairite variety and the official conservative movement represented by *National Review* has been going on since the Reagan years. By that time, a group of ex-Trotskyites associated with Max Shachtman—Trotsky's former chief American lieutenant—had wormed its way into the good graces of the American labor movement and into the office of Sen. Henry "Scoop" Jackson, whose

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fulsome support for an interventionist foreign policy won the heart of the fanatically anti-Soviet Shachtman.

Shachtman supported the Vietnam War and the Bay of Pigs Invasion yet still kept his devotion to socialism intact. He took over the old Socialist Party apparatus in the late 1950's and changed its name to Social Democrats, USA. In this incarnation, the group had an influence well beyond its small numbers—not on the left, which was going in a different direction, but on the American right. During the Reagan era, a number of top Social Democrat leaders and activists were given key niches in the government bureaucracy, including Jeane Kirkpatrick, the U.S. delegate to the United Nations; Elliott Abrams, a former staffer for Senator Jackson, a major figure in the Iran-Contra affair, and assistant secretary of state for Inter-American Affairs under Reagan; Carl Gershman, the first president of the National Endowment for Democracy; and Arch Puddington, who worked for the U.S. Information Agency's Radio Free Europe/Radio Liberty.

National Review celebrated May Day 2002 by publishing a report by Joshua Muravchik on a kind of family reunion sponsored by SDUSA in Washington:

> among those sponsoring or joining the evening's festivities—funded mainly by the estate of the widow of Trotskyist icon Max Shachtman—were, on the right, Jeane Kirkpatrick, former Christian Coalition spokesman Marshall Wittmann, [and] former Secretary of Labor nominee Linda Chavez.

Muravchik, a senior fellow at the American Enterprise Institute and former national chairman of the Young Peoples Socialist League—the Shachtmanite youth group—was also in attendance.

This penetration of the conservative movement by ideologically alien intruders extended into the ranks. Some years ago, a private discussion club for conservative writers and activists in the San Francisco Bay Area met at the Union Club. Participants included Bill Rusher, former publisher of *National Review*; *San Francisco Chronicle* columnist Debra Saunders; Stephen Schwartz; and myself. The young man who organized the meetings told me how he had been recruited into the SDUSA, and then into the conservative movement, because the Social Democrats had come to his campus in support of Poland's Solidarity movement. He described going to their meetings and feeling "weird" when they opened and closed the proceedings by singing the "Internationale." He explained that it was "only a tradition," but, when he said it, he did not seem so sure.

We are now seeing the implementation of a long-standing neoconservative ambition: the imposition of a world order—in effect, an American Empire, with Washington, D.C., at its center. The infiltration and co-opting of the conservative movement by the Marxist right and its transformation into an instrument of an ideology that is statist, globalist, and militantly expansionist was the first step on the road to empire. Once the Marxist right had seized control of the think tanks, magazines, and activist organizations of the American right, they moved to exert control over the Republican Party.

Both the ideology and the methods of the Marxist left have been imported into the conservative movement. Ideologically, the so-called third-camp socialism of Shachtman and his followers has been transmuted into the worship of "Democracy" as the be-all and end-all of human development. The neocons have simply stood the old Trotskyism on its head and said that the American system—like the old Soviet system—cannot stand alone and isolated but must spread itself over the earth or face defeat at the hands of its enemies.

The ideological framework of neoconservative ideology is deeply rooted in the Marxist tradition. Francis Fukuyama, the boy wonder of the neocons, even came up with an application of the Hegelian dialectic as the ultimate rationale for American global hegemony in his famous article on "The End of History." The Marxists, too, saw themselves as agents of History, and they constantly evoked images of modernity to justify their innumerable crimes against humanity. They came as "liberators"—a favorite word of Red Army propagandists, and one that our own Pentagon has since taken up with alacrity.

The neocons retain the methods as well as the ideology of the left: party-line politics, periodic purges, and the nasty habit of smearing their opponents rather than engaging them in debate. The neocon method echoes that of its leftist progenitors: Once the party line is established—Israel must be unconditionally defended, Iraq must be utterly destroyed, Pat Buchanan must be smeared into silence—anyone who deviates is demonized.

In an interview with Stephen Schwartz in Canada's *National Post*, Jeet Heer showed just how deeply the Marxist right has burrowed into the Bush administration:

> To this day, Schwartz speaks of Trotsky affectionately as "the old man" and "L.D." . . . "To a great extent, I still consider myself to be [one of the] disciples of L.D.," he admits, and he observes that in certain Washington circles, the ghost of Trotsky still hovers around. At a party in February celebrating a new book about Iraq, Schwartz exchanged banter with Wolfowitz about Trotsky, the Moscow Trials and Max Shachtman. "I've talked to Wolfowitz about all of this," Schwartz notes. "We had this discussion about Shachtman. He knows all that stuff, but was never part of it. He's definitely aware."

"Ideology is political fanaticism, an endeavor to rule the world by rigorous abstract dogmata," said Russell Kirk in a 1991 Heritage Foundation lecture. "The dogmata of an abstract 'democratic capitalism' may be as mischievous as the dogmata of Marx." I would add only that these two "rival" dogmas are as intimately related as are the offspring of the same parents.

"The yoking together of Paul Wolfowitz and Leon Trotsky sounds odd," writes Heer, "but a long and tortuous history explains the link between the Bolshevik left and the Republican right."

Defending his remarks in the *National Post*, Schwartz proudly proclaimed his Trotskyite heritage on *National Review Online* and even coined a term for this growing grouplet: *Trotsky-cons*!

The Bolsheviks of the left were eventually defeated, but it took half a century to do it. If we face another 50 years of struggle against the Bolsheviks of the right—well, then, so be it. As George W. Bush said in quite another context: "Bring it on!"

Justin Raimondo is the director of Antiwar.com *and the author, most recently, of* An Enemy of the State: The Life of Murray N. Rothbard.

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This Time, Be Prepared

The Serb land of Montenegro is once again at the crossroads of history. The blood-soaked mountains and dramatic coastline of this small land have been fought over by Illyrians, Macedonians, Romans, Byzantines, Turks, and Venetians, and, in the 20th century, by the armies of Austria-Hungary, Italy, and Germany. In World War II, Montenegro lost more men, per capita, than any nation of Europe, and now it is the latest target of the so-called international community, which has tried to create a phony separatist movement (complete with a bogus national church) to continue the disastrous policies that have involved the United States in wars over Bosnia and Kosovo.

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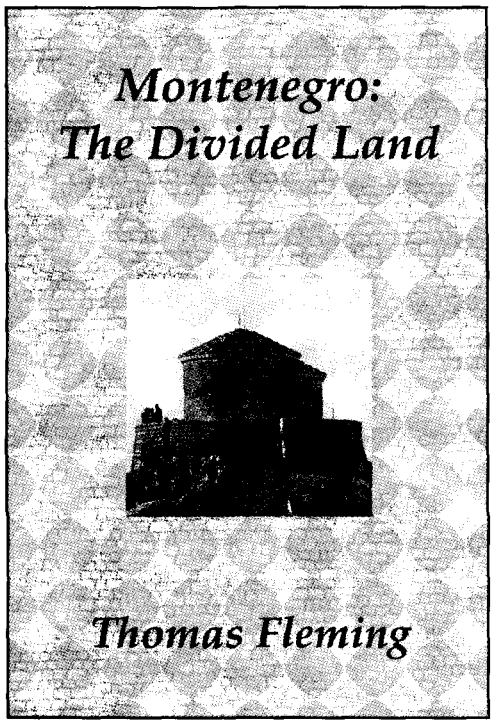

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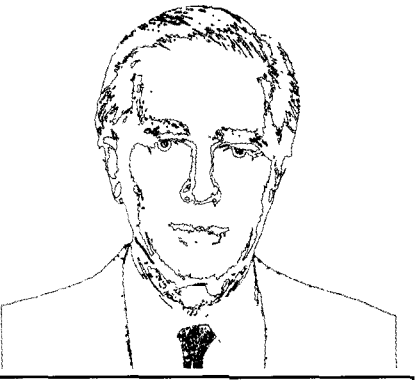
by George McCartney

Exhibitionists



In the Cut

Produced by Pathe and Red Turtle Productions
Directed by Jane Campion
Screenplay by Jane Campion and Susanna Moore
Distributed by Screen Gems

Shattered Glass

Directed by Billy Ray
Screenplay by Billy Ray
from an article by Buzz Bissinger
Produced by Cruise-Wagner Productions
Distributed by Lions Gate Films

Actors are exhibitionists. They feel compelled to show us themselves. So do writers, in their rather more circumspect manner. For proof, consider two recent films, *In the Cut* and *Shattered Glass*.

If we ever needed an illustration as to why the Hays Office was invented in 1934, *In the Cut* would more than suffice. It was once thought that someone had to keep the wraps on film performers. Now that there is no enforcer, nudity reigns at the multiplex—so much so that it has lost all shock value. Well, not completely, as director Jane Campion demonstrates in her adaptation of Susanna Moore's novel. She hired America's perky sweetheart, Meg Ryan, to wow us by appearing starkers. Ryan is a 42-year-old mother who made $15 million for appearing clothed in each of her last two films. Naturally, the question arises: Why is she baring all today? To show us that she is in good shape? (She is.) Or, perhaps, to prove herself an artist? The test of thespian seriousness is no longer how well an actress emotes but rather how well she looks *au natural*. Consider what it did for Halle Berry. Who wouldn't strip for Oscar?

I do not think pornography was Campion's intention, but there is no other word for what is on the screen. Following Moore's novel, Campion orchestrates Ryan and her costar Mark Ruffalo through various erotic exertions to illustrate her feminist misgivings concerning the supposed inequities inherent in heterosexual relations. The audience, however, must be forgiven for not attending to the political lesson while the performers are making such a convincingly libidinous spectacle of themselves.

Although Moore collaborated with Campion on the screenplay, the film never registers the creepily compelling power of her novel, which reads like a low-grade fever dream. Its woozy, uninflected narrative voice belongs to Frannie, an adjunct writing instructor at New York University. She is a deeply confused young woman whose masochistic neurosis perfectly matches the predatory expectations of the several men with whom she has been foolishly involved over the years. When a woman's dismembered body turns up in her low-rent Manhattan neighborhood, Frannie meets Malloy, a detective on the case, who becomes her new Mr. Wrong.

Frannie graphically reports a sordid sequence of misadventures in her nearly affectless voice, as though no new outrage against women could possibly surprise her. As the plot unfolds, more women are murdered offstage, all presumably by the same man. Meanwhile, Frannie finds herself becoming Malloy's willing sex toy. The juxtaposition between murder and sex is, of course, not accidental. Frannie begins to suspect several of her male acquaintances of being the serial killer: the boyfriend she dumped who now stalks her in a desultory manner; her black student who wants to write a paper on John Wayne Gacy; Malloy's lascivious partner who makes vulgar passes at her; and Malloy himself, arrogant, foul-mouthed, and tirelessly priapic. Moore's multiplication of suspects is not just a matter of artfully deployed red herrings. We are to understand that the murderer, whoever he turns out to be, is not different in kind from other men, just in degree. Although only the extreme fellow would insist on literal dissection, the male animal, Moore suggests, takes its pleasure in figuratively anatomizing women. Hence the title, *In the Cut*, with its play on a vulgar word for vagina, an anatomical cut, a wound that marks women as weakened prey. Women—at least women such as Frannie—accept this perverse dynamic, mindlessly succumbing to male aggression. The consequences are quite ugly and are fully meant to be.

Intentionally or not, Moore's novel indicts a culture that has deliberately turned a blind eye to the differences between men and women and has, thereby, put women at risk. It was once understood that courtship and marriage were institutions designed to allow the sexes to live in relative harmony while they went about the important business of begetting and rearing the next generation. It was also understood that this institutional channeling of otherwise unruly desire could only be sustained by the full force of both morality and law. To say this aloud today in certain enlightened circles is to invite open mockery. Hence the plight of Frannie, a well-educated woman only too willing to accept, in lieu of more delicate courtship, Malloy's crude description of how he plans to handle her in bed. Frannie's intellectual sophistication gives her the illusion that she is in control of her life when she has actually rendered herself quite helpless before the sway of impulse.

There is no question that Moore pushes at the boundary between literature and pornography, but, in doing so, she uses the obscene against itself. She powerfully illuminates the pathology of our pornography-saturated culture, in which men are encouraged to behave as though women are appliances, using them as long as they fulfill sexual expectations and then trading them in for newer models when they cease to function according to specifications.

As a filmmaker, Campion has chosen to make this point as explicit as possible by adding a sequence of scenes not in the novel. This is easily the best element in her film. In hallucinatory black-and-white flashbacks, Frannie recalls the

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story of her parents' first meeting. Her father was skating with his fiancé when he noticed Frannie's mother, a lovely young blonde. Without a moment's reflection, he skated away from his betrothed to skim the ice with this new, delightful creature. The problem was that he made a habit of skating away. He left Frannie's mother a few years after her birth to skate with another lovely creature. And he continued to skate into four more marriages. Campion visualizes the damage the father inflicted on his wife and daughter with a close-up of his skate making a cut in the ice that oozes blood.

Unfortunately, Campion has not been as adroit throughout her film. Elsewhere, she indulges in the very pornography that has helped to create the conditions she seems to deplore. It is one thing to read a first-person narrator's description of what has happened to her; it is quite another to show it. In the novel, Frannie's voice controls our response to what she is reporting, distancing us from the erotic aspect so that we focus on the abusive. The film's images, on the other hand, overpower its well-meant but finally feeble attempts at such narrative nuance. True, Campion shot these scenes in a claustrophobically cluttered room under murky, unflattering light in order to convey their sordid, dehumanizing nature. Nevertheless, what we are left with is not Frannie, but an exhibitionist Meg Ryan nude and still nubile at 42. Yowsa!

Shattered Glass is about another kind of exhibitionism—the journalistic. As I watched it, I was reminded of Robert Frost's mock hysteria concerning ice-encased birch trees thawing in the sun. "Shattering and avalanching," the ice falls from the trunks, leaving "such heaps of broken glass to sweep away / You'd think the inner dome of heaven had fallen." The heaven in director Billy Ray's film is the *New Republic*; the shattering inner dome, Stephen Glass, the kid reporter who unaccountably tricked his angelic editors into publishing 27 or more articles he had fudged, cooked, or cut from whole cloth. How shaming! And to do this at such a prestigious journal! As Ray presents the story, you would think Glass had threatened life as we know it in our United States. To put things in perspective, however, we need to know this: When interviewed about his new film, Ray told the *New York Times* that he is convinced Woodward and Bernstein's Watergate production "saved our country." Such faith in the heavenly power of journalism is touching but perhaps not entirely sound from a practical standpoint.

Most of us know that it is a good idea to read journals of opinion with our b.s. meters set to high. Such publications are by nature tendentious—and some more than others. There can be no better example than the *New Republic* itself. When Martin Peretz used his wealth (courtesy of his marriage to the Singer Sewing Machine heiress) to purchase the journal in 1974, he gave its editorial policy an almost fanatical Zionist twist and has been arguing ever since for a nearly total alignment of U.S. policy with Israel's every wish. Why would anyone be surprised, then, that his hired help would follow his lead, assuaging rough facts until they smoothly conform to their own pet causes? Glass just took this policy a few inventive steps further.

The film gives an insider's view of the Glass case—literally. Ray retained the services of several TNR staffers, most notably Chuck Lane, Glass's last editor at the magazine before he . . . ah . . . left to pursue other interests. (Glass recently brought out a novel entitled *Fabulist*. What else?) It comes as no surprise, then, that the film stinks with the disease endemic to journalists: self-importance. As portrayed by Peter Sarsgaard, Lane is nobly, even doggedly, loyal to truth. Once he sniffs falsehood in Glass's articles, he will stop at nothing to corner the vicious weasel who has crept into the virtuous henhouse of journalistic probity. The story that undoes Glass concerns a fictitious software company, Micronics, that is supposed to have paid off a teenage hacker to cease tampering with their products across the internet. When a *Forbes Online* reporter blows the whistle, Lane does some overdue digging and discovers an alarming paucity of traceable fact. He hounds Glass for his sources, and the 24-year old makes the mistake all liars do: He heaps one lie on top of another to cover the original falsehoods. Soon, he is printing phony business cards for nonexistent executives, inventing a Micronics website, and having his brother call, pretending to be the CEO. Lane is implacable, however, undermining each ruse until Glass hangs himself.

Played convincingly by Hayden Christensen, Glass comes across as the kid you always hated in school: the clever, calculating one who got good grades by telling the teachers what they wanted to hear and then snickering behind their backs. Even more infuriating, he was often a genuinely talented student who nevertheless insisted on taking short-cuts to top his classmates. Glass had perfected the *shtick*. As he tells us in a voice-over, "If you're a little bit humble, a little self-effacing or solicitous, you stand out." You certainly do in the company of the driven, self-regarding Young Turks at TNR, each metaphorically waving a frantic hand to get the attention he craves.

Among this crowd, Glass seems disarmingly modest about his ability. Asking a colleague to review his work, he says, "It's the worst thing I've ever written." Overheard talking to *Vanity Fair*, he shrugs and says, "It's just probably nothing." When called on his dishonesty, however, he turns petulant. "I feel really attacked. You're supposed to support me," he whines. Despite all this, Lane is so glumly self-righteous that my sympathies began to shift from Ray's program. In the last scenes, Glass is alone in an empty classroom where he was supposed to address students at his former high school. Meanwhile, Lane is surrounded by his editorial staff, cheering him for having purged TNR of such a noxious infection. I am afraid I felt far more sympathy for Glass than I did for Lane. Publicly orchestrated rehabilitations always bring out the worst in me. And I admit I slipped into an unholy mood upon discovering that the *New Republic*'s website has been proudly touting Ray's movie. C

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by John Carney

Smoke-easy

STOP SMOKING FAST read the advertisement on the subway car, and it is probably good advice for people such as my father, who continues to smoke even after having had two stents inserted into his badly clogged arteries. I wanted the opposite, however: I wanted to *start* smoking fast.

There are no 12-step programs for would-be smokers. I assumed the tobacco industry would offer support, but I was wrong: Even they insist on warning would-be smokers about the hazards of addiction and stubbornly aim their advertising at those with preexisting habits. "If you do smoke, try . . . " In other words: *If you don't smoke yet, you're on your own.*

Since I recently turned 30 and had never so much as held a lit cigarette, my decision to become a smoker strikes a lot of people as bizarre. But there are, I have discovered, good reasons to smoke. Cigarettes offer real benefits for the elderly, the clumsy, the forgetful, and the easily distracted. (These benefits have been intentionally underplayed by the public-health community.) My decision to smoke was much less sound. It was based on a phenomenon too recent to have been the subject of statistical studies or biological analysis: New York City's ban on cigarette smoking in indoor public spaces.

I bought my first pack of cigarettes on a Monday. I knew I wasn't going to smoke lights: There's no point in going halfway. I also knew I wasn't going to roll my own or smoke unfiltereds: This is the 21st century, after all. But how to choose? I decided to let quality be my guide and ended up with a pack of Nat Sherman Classics, which came in a dapper crimson box and had a gold band around each filter.

I know others who have started smoking, or given up on quitting, in a fit of libertarian rebellion against the ban. But just as campaign-finance reform has not driven me to send bags of cash to the RNC, the smoking ban alone would not have driven me to smoke.

My smoking project arose from a secondary effect of the ban: the birth of the front-door smoking scene. Immediately after the ban was imposed, all my usual drinking holes sprouted new appendages—clusters of smokers gathering together just outside the bar. Between drinking, even during drinks, smokers step outside to mingle among their own. As time went on, I sensed the smokers bonding in their shared exile, while the crowd inside became increasingly irrelevant. The insides of bars, from dives to places people once struggled past velvet ropes to get into, were becoming superfluous. Outside is the new inside.

I planned to debut my new interest outside a bar on Avenue A that has a decent pool table, a great jukebox, and an active smoking scene. But I didn't want to go unpracticed or risk getting caught in some *faux pas*—choking, not inhaling, or otherwise revealing my smoking innocence. So, on my way home that evening, I lit my first cigarette. It took four matches. I learned not to try to light the cigarette in the sulfur but to wait until the flames caught the cardboard match stem, and I learned to cup my hands just so against the wind.

My lungs felt as if they were being pulled apart. My eyes watered. I kept spilling ash on my lapels and had trouble not burning my jacket. I experimented with a few different grips, settling on a cupped-in-the-hand style that not only kept the tip away from my clothes but made me feel like Steve McQueen. Best of all, I didn't cough.

I soon discovered that smoking conveys a privilege denied other New Yorkers: the privilege of littering. A nonsmoker who throws something as inconsequential as a soda-straw wrapper on the street risks invoking the furious glares of passersby, but, as a smoker, I can throw cigarette butts on the streets with licensed abandon. (Some smokers even throw empty packs on the sidewalk, but, like Antigone mourning her brother, I thought the Nat Sherman hardcase deserved a more decent final resting place.)

I smoked one cigarette that night outside the bar. Caught up in a game of pool, I almost forgot to smoke until one of the women I was with announced she was stepping outside. This was my chance. I grabbed my pack and followed her out. I lit my cigarette and hers with one match. The smoke still pulled at my lungs, and I'm afraid my eyes watered a bit, but otherwise my initiation was without incident.

That night, I applied the patch before falling asleep. The habit of smoking takes time to acquire, and I thought an overnight dose of nicotine would speed the process. Actually, I recommend that even those who are not seeking to become smokers experiment with patched sleeping. It poured color and abstraction into my dreams—blue trees, women with square legs, skies with wood-grain patterns, and conspiratorial plotting. When I awoke, I tore off the patch, hoping the sudden nicotine deprivation would send me scurrying for a smoke. The sought-after nic fit did not arrive. In fact, the thought of smoking first thing in the morning turned my stomach.

At work, I took two smoking breaks outside my office building, but both were fake—cued by my Microsoft Outlook calendar rather than by responses to physiological cravings—and my smoking project was still far from becoming a habit.

I had drinks at a pub near work with three young men and a silver-haired sage, all employed by a local tabloid newspaper—all smokers, of course. When the moment arrived to stroll outside and light up, however, I felt a panic: I had forgotten to bring my cigarettes. Luckily, smokers are a generous breed, and one of my companions let me "bum" one. We were a fellowship of smokers. I was arriving.

I kept working at it throughout the week. Patch overnight. One smoke with my morning coffee. Two smoking breaks during the day. A cigarette after dinner. At least one trip out with the smokers in front of the bar. I didn't have the habit, but I had the pace, the rhythm, of smoking.

Late in the week, I went with friends to a gypsy-punk dance party in a small Eastern European bar in lower Manhattan. The crowd was young and smoking—not outside the bar but *inside*. The place was a *smoke-easy*. This posed a dilemma—without an outdoor separatist scene, my smoking impulse vanished. But the real smokers were lighting up, and I had to decide whether I was one of them or simply a poseur. I struck a match and, for the first time, enjoyed a cigarette beyond all reason. This might work out.

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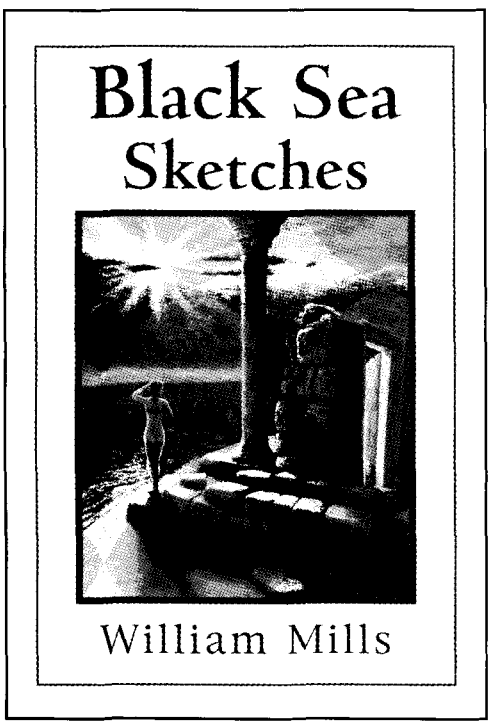
Black Sea Sketches

BLACK SEA SKETCHES is a travel book written for serious travelers, including armchair travelers. Although the author may take an occasional swim or walk the beaches, the book is much more about the history and prehistory, the culture and the contemporary scene than about recreational opportunities. It is the kind of book you would want to read before or during your own travel in these fascinating countries.

The five countries—Ukraine, Rumania, Bulgaria, Turkey, and Georgia—often share military and economic history, but cultural contrasts abound: different alphabets and languages, different religions. While most of Ukraine, Rumania, Bulgaria, and Georgia embrace the Orthodox faith, Turkey is largely Muslim, as is part of the Crimean population. All five of the countries reflect, especially architecturally, the common past of ancient Greece and, most of them, of the later Genoan commercial empire.



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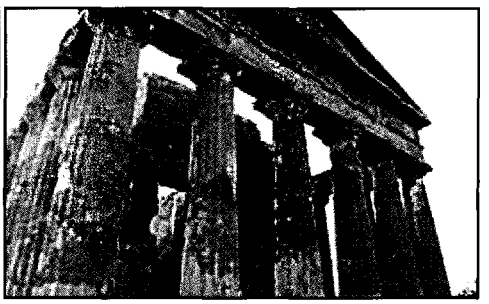

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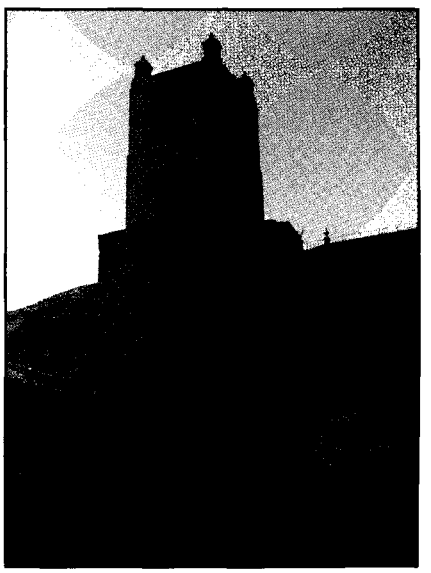

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